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Chronicle and Comment

"Lest We Forget"

"Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing the Song o' Steam" was the prayer of the dour old Scotch engineer of Rudyard Kipling's "McAndrews Hymn." Fervently and reverently the prayer may be echoed to-day. We believe that in thousands of minds and hearts there is beating the hope, perhaps unformed, that the genius which framed that prayer may see fit to chronicle in verse, for his own and future generations, the awful story and warning of the night of April 14th-15th.

But, after all, would it be the Kipling of "The Recessional"? Years ago we won the hostility of a number of English writers by suggesting that the Man from Nowhere seemed to be fizzling out. Now they are beginning to suspect as much in England. Mr. William Watson has been busy explaining through his London publisher that he has been misrepresented with regard to the suggestion that he has described Mr. Kipling as not a great writer. "But why the explanation?" asks Mr. Clement Shorter. "If Mr. Watson had actually committed this assumed crime he would really have showed himself a quite capable critic, whereas most poets who write about literature write exceedingly bad criticism. Mr. Kipling is not a great writer. He did produce in his younger years a series of short stories of remarkable power, giving us a vision of India seen through the imagination of a true poet, and these were great writing."

Many of these short stories, argues Mr. Shorter—"The Man Man who Would be King" and others—will live among the many remarkable literary products of the later nineteenth century, but there came a period in Mr. Kipling's life when inspiration was entirely lost. Perhaps it was after an illness that occurred in New York some years ago. Certain it is that at a given moment Mr. Kipling's work ceased to be literature and became merely journalism, his verses cheap rhetoric, his prose losing lucidity and inspiration. The British public is a piteously faithful creature. Even the writer of one good book finds himself the possessor of a handsome income for the rest of his life whatever trash he may produce in succeeding volumes and for however long the number of years.

Admiring by Tradition

Recent "appreciations" of the classics remind us of a sage little paper contributed by Mr. Augustine Birrell some years ago to a British magazine on the general subject of admiring by tradition. He had grown weary of the perfunctory praises bestowed on writers obviously good—

> Far better, said he, to admire Miss Gabblegoose's novels than to pretend to admire Miss Austen's. . . . If, after giving a classic a fair chance, you really cannot abide him, or remain hermetically sealed against his charm, it is perhaps wisest to say nothing about it, though if you do pluck up heart of grace and hit him a rap over his classical costard, it will not hurt him, and it may do you good.

This is a hard saying to the usual commentator on a classic. And in many a

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nipped and pursed-up gathering of high-browbeaten literary folk, awed by great names, afraid of a *faux pas,* doggedly genteel against their natural inclinations, it would be a blasphemy. Yet if a classic were travelling incognito amongst us, he would surely meet with a very different reception. It is possible that he would not even be recognised by a single contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly,* the Chicago *Dial,* or the New York *Evening Post.* There is a suspicious unanimity in what people say about a classic. Nature does not use a mimeograph in making men. She does so only in making literary commentators. When a dozen men express their appreciation of a great writer in precisely the same terms, you may always know that eleven of them are lying. The reason why the usual appreciator of a classic is so monotonous is simply because he is insincere or scared. Lurking beneath his liturgy of praise there is often a fine and healthy hatred. It is well known that many a Shakespearean scholar fairly loathes the bard. Why not then out with it—"hit him a rap over his classical costard"—as Mr. Birrell advised? Hatred can never hurt a classic. On the other hand it would seem that no deadlier weapon could be used against him than the usual guide-book to his charms.

Not that we with our puny strength hope for one minute to stay the vernal and autumnal freshets of new "appreciations," literary biographies, side-lights, and interpretations. No doubt at the present moment nineteen professors of English literature, documented to the teeth, are advancing grimly upon the works of their respective nineteen classic victims. No doubt a dozen lecture courses are already forming that will lead hosts of devoted ladies up to the very binding of Browning's works. For every classic that has died there are a hundred writers who earn their living by showing how to get around him. Such are the decrees of fate. We merely wish to point a moral. It is that our critics waste much time and fury on the vulgar taste. They are too hard on those who honestly admire the wrong thing and too easy on those who dishonestly profess an admiration for the right. After all, the true Philistine is the professor of terrapin, who secretly possesses a simple boiled ham taste.

The Lady or the Porpoise

It seems that Mr. Upton Sinclair submitted his recently written "revolutionary drama," entitled *The Nature Woman,* to Mr. George Bernard Shaw as a sort of consulting expert in audacity, and that Mr. Shaw's decision was exceedingly disappointing. It was in brief that Mr. Sinclair's "main thesis, which is that a woman with the habits and ideas of a porpoise is superior to a woman with the habits of Madame Roland, will not wash." Mr. Sinclair's answer to this is that for fifteen years he himself had sought only the things of the mind and soul and that then he suddenly awakened to the fact that he could not digest his food.

> Now I have come to the conviction that it is better to have "the habits and ideas of a porpoise"—with a porpoise's digestion—than it is to have "the habits and ideas of Madame Roland"—plus the headaches and backaches which most of the Madame Rolands of my knowledge are obliged to contend with.

We have this from the Preface to Mr. Sinclair's *Plays of Protest* now published, comprising *The Nature Woman* and three others. The reader will soon guess why Mr. Shaw compared Mr. Sinclair's heroine to a porpoise. She calls herself Oceana. She has lived all her life on a beautiful South Sea island among the most charming and innocent savages known to eighteenth century fiction. There she has swum several miles every day, run several more, hunted, fished, and danced naked on the beach. Suddenly she finds herself in Boston at the home of her aunt, a woman of extreme propriety and a mean soul. A bit of the dialogue, accompanied by the stage directions, will indicate her general attitude toward an overheated, indoor Boston civilisation:

> (OCEANA *takes deep breaths, expelling them in short, sharp puffs.*)
>
> LETITIA. What in the world are you doing?
>
> OCEANA. That's one of the Yogi exercises. Haven't any of you studied the Vedantas?
>
> LETITIA. We are all Episcopalians here.

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OCEANA. Oh, I see!

(*She takes a deep breath and then pounds her chest like a gorilla.*)

MRS. MASTERSON. And pray, what is *that?*

OCEANA. I'm just getting some of the civilisation out of my lungs.

(*A furious gale blows.*)

Her love affair begins with a due regard to the importance of digestion as a condition of a happy union. She falls in love with Henry at the first sight of Henry's tongue. Henry is already married, but his wife has not a good digestion, and the state of Henry's tongue marks him as Oceana's soul mate.

HENRY (*opens door centre and enters. Sees* OCEANA *and halts*). Oh!

OCEANA (*turns and sees him*). Why! *Here's* a man! (*They gaze at each other, transfixed.*) Ethel! Who *is* he?

ETHEL. Why, this is Henry. Letitia's husband.

OCEANA. Oh! Letitia's husband! (*With a sudden frank gesture of her hand.*) Henry!

HENRY. Oceana!

(*As their hands meet, they stand looking into each other's faces.*)

OCEANA (*gripping his hand tightly*). You are strong! (*Looks at his hand.*) And you do not smoke, either! Let me see your eyes.

HENRY (*perplexed*). My eyes?

OCEANA. Your eyes. (*Turns him toward the light; studies his eyes.*) They dosed you with quinine! Malaria, I suppose?

HENRY. Why . . . yes. But how can you tell?

OCEANA. I can tell many things. Let me see your tongue.

HENRY (*bewildered*). My tongue?

OCEANA. Your tongue.

HENRY. But what for?

OCEANA. I can tell more about a man by looking at his tongue for a minute than by listening to it for a week.

Nevertheless, his civilised wife in the end retains him, and the nature woman returns to the white beach shining in the moonlight with the breakers coming in.

"Plays of Protest"

While the above is a fair sample of *The Nature Woman,* it does not fairly represent Mr. Sinclair's other plays of protest in this volume. One of them, a slight but deftly executed sketch called *The Second-Story Man,* was staged with success in California in 1909. The other two were offered to the founders of the New Theatre, but declined on the ground that they were "contrary to the principles of the founders." That seems to us a particularly absurd reason. Hauptmann, Sudermann, Shaw, Ibsen and a dozen others would be equally excluded by this test. Our stage has long since abounded in arguments for the upsetting of society, and the only question worth asking nowadays of a play of protest is whether it is a good play, however damnable the protest. Mr. Sinclair's *Prince Hagen* is far above the average of the new plays that were presented in the New Theatre or at any other theatre in New York. It reveals a genuine dramatic faculty, and incidentally a degree of literary ability that one would never guess from his novels.

And consider the complaisance of society toward so-called revolutionary drama. Even in this most conservative country society refuses absolutely to be sheltered from revolutionary ideas. So grateful is it to any playwright who keeps it awake that it has not the heart to ask if he is dangerous. Logically, after seeing the *Doll's House,* a hundred wives ought to bolt from their husbands. The natural consequence of many a recent play would be the hanging of John D. Rockefeller. But society learns its subversive lessons and goes placidly home to bed. The most conspicuous feature of dramatic insurrections is their utter harmlessness. The truth is that the stage is not a suitable place for serious revolutionary arguments or somewhat complex social ideas. They require more space. Mr. Edward Everett Hale, Jr., whose admirable little volume on *Dramatists of To-day* has recently appeared in a sixth edition, discusses this difficulty *à propos* of certain plays of Bernard Shaw's:

> It is that his ideas, as a rule, are not such as can in any way be promulgated on the stage. Some ideas can: the constant effort of the idealist, the constant strife of the individual—these ideas (it is fair to call them so) can be dramatically presented. They may not be worth so much in the practical affairs of life as a correct understanding of the way that man

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is going to get married in his development into future ages, or the way man should manage whatever marriage he happens to be concerned in now, but they seem to be more susceptible of dramatic presentation. Take a thesis like that of *Man and Superman* or of *Candida,* if you can get at it. It will be found to be a social generalisation, which even to be considered, must be presented either on the basis of reason or of authority. A play is the place for neither. The Germans are apt to think that Shakespeare wrote his plays to present great and often complicated social ideas, but if he did he was wasting his time, for that is not the kind of idea the drama can present effectively.

Hence the absurdity of the New Theatre in rejecting Mr. Sinclair's plays on account of their revolutionary principles. Play-goers cannot remember a revolutionary principle over night. The main trouble with the usual play of protest is that it is all protest and no play. When, despite the protest, it remains a play worth seeing. when the indictment of society is cut down to meet the exigencies of the modern drama and the dangerous ideas fall into their proper place there is not much left of the argument for anarchy. The best plays of the past fifteen years are those which, as the literary folk say, "bitterly arraign society," but few of us would hang a dog on the evidence that they supply.

There is no escaping dangerous ideas, and the stage is as safe a place as any for them. There is a better reason for policing literature. Mr. Chesterton in one of his books sketched a plan for checking dangerous ideas at their source by the organisation of an intellectual police force, trained in literary criticism, who would detect the noxious tendency of any novel, poem, essay or treatise, and place its author under arrest. If at the bottom of some magazine love poem, for example, there lurked the seeds of bigamy, arrest the poet and suppress his work immediately, instead of waiting for the bigamies to begin. It does not seem unreasonable, if society is at all consistent in its self-protection. Only the other day Bonnot, the great French criminal, the ferocious anarchist and "tiger-bandit" and leader of the "tragic band," was shot to death after holding at bay an army of police and soldiers and after his last place of refuge had been blown up. And what was the malignant source of his distorted views of society? Why, the writings of that estimable, mild-mannered and scholarly person, M. Anatole France. Bonnot was an Anatolian—member of that cultivated, spectacled, gently garrulous cult to whom intellectual revolt is merely a speculative luxury. But for Anatole France there might have been no Bonnot, and it would seem only a reasonable precaution from the point of view of social safety if the police and military had been called out years ago to surround and blow up Anatole France and so prevent a long string of murders. But society is never reasonable on the subject of dangerous ideas. For so good a writer as Anatole France it gladly runs the risk of many Bonnots. Society has not forgotten its greater distress when dangerous ideas were carefully repressed. It has suffered too much from its self-appointed protectors, especially as regards the stage. Napoleon once vowed that if Molière had produced *Tartuffe* in his day he would have suppressed it. Its ideas were so subversive of society.

Campaign Memories

The time cometh and now is when no man shall think on any current political question, for the political campaign of 1912 is upon us. Even now it is too late for any active leading citizen to form an opinion. His opinion has already come out on him like a wart. Far be it from us to venture its removal. That must be left to the gentle surgery of time. We would merely reflect on the strange impermanence of political rhetoric. How queer and mild they look, those verbal grapples of old political campaigns, and can it be that any aspects of the mighty conflict now raging will in a year or two seem equally benign? While the mind of the man on the platform swells and ascends like a large balloon, filled with political misgivings, while college presi-

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dents see Cæsarism coming and mark the death rattle of the Constitution, and while the press holds out those two most horrid alternatives—on the one hand oligarchy and chains, on the other the bloodthirsty mob backed by the guillotine and the referendum—it is still possible that the frightened patriot may find some solace, as we have done, in the newspaper files of long ago. Take, for example, the hair-breadth escape of American civilisation in 1899. "If the republic goes down," said a candidate at that distant date, "I am not to blame for its downfall." He had very little doubt that the republic would go down. "Already we are in the very shadow of the empire," said another candidate. Cato, it may be remembered, was the favourite model for the campaigners of that day, though some preferred Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage. They liked Cato because, though perfectly certain of the fall of the republic, he did what he could in the way of fighting and talking till the time came for falling on his sword. It may perhaps be remembered also that it was then, according to the contemporary chroniclers, that we tore up the Constitution, spat upon the Declaration and were busily engaged in violating the tombs of our ancestors. Indeed, there is little doubt that if Thomas Jefferson had returned to earth at that moment he would have been as much embarrassed as he would be if he could see us now.

Then there was the great dinner pail debate, which may, perhaps, have been forgotten, but which we have carefully treasured in summarised form. From the turn it took during the free silver excitement, it has always seemed to us one of the gems of American political discussion. The dinner pail argument looked to the sound money men of 1899 innocent enough. A full dinner pail seemed to serve pretty well as a homely figure of prosperity, and the Republicans used it, thinking naturally that the Democratic retort would be either that the dinner pail was not so full as it looked and would be fuller if wages were paid in fiat money, or that it would not stay full long because the gold standard would certainly knock the bottom out of it. But instead of that, the argument recoiled on the Republicans in an unexpected and deadly manner. The enemy, led by a Mr. Jones of Toledo, fell upon them immediately. The full dinner pail, said Mr. Jones, was rather a badge of servitude, than a sign of peace and plenty. "The labourer," said he, "always had a full dinner pail in slavery days." Mr. Bryan, after pondering these sentiments of the thoughtful Jones, reinforced them with more powerful ones of his own. "The dinner pail argument," said Mr. Bryan, "is an insult to the workingman. . . . The full dinner pail is satisfactory to the stomach, but, my friends," he added earnestly, "it is the animal and not the man that complains when it is hungry and goes to sleep when it is full."

Thus, as interpreted by the Democrats, the Republican allusion to so gross a matter as a dinner pail became coarse, almost bestial. For, consider the nature of man. "My friends," said Mr. Bryan, a political candidate of those days, "man is of a threefold nature. He not only has his body, but he has his brains, and he has his heart also." So by the use of this very indelicate argument the Republicans placed themselves in an exceedingly awkward position, and there seemed no escape from the logic that united a square meal with slavery and proved that all references to a merely material prosperity must spring from a low and brutal mind. In mentioning the full dinner pail the Republicans unduly emphasised the body, and consigned the mind and the spirit to Democratic care. Man having three natures, only one of which was concerned with dinner pails, the Republican argument was in effect addressed to the minority element in each human being, leaving the odds two to one in favour of free silver and the higher life. One might have supposed that the Democrats would surely have won immediately, but somehow they did not. Somehow, then as now, political campaign arguments seemed not to have anything to do with the actual political result.

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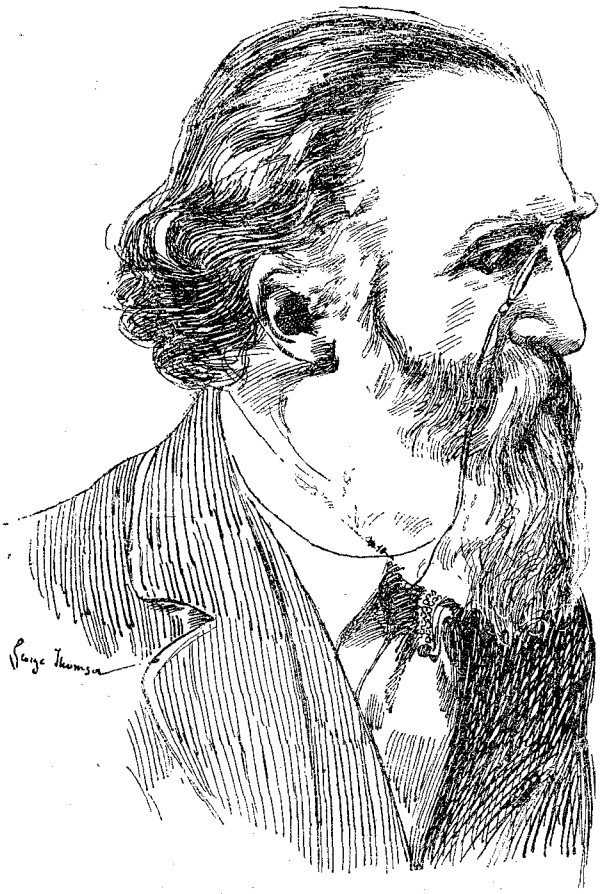
The Woman Dominant

In printing the following we do not know whether we are providing a weapon for the Suffragettes or the Anti-Suffragettes. It appears in *Recollections of a Court Painter,* by H. Jones Thaddeus, R.H.A., recently issued by the John Lane Company. Mr. Jones Thaddeus is describing the town of Concarneau, on the Brittany coast, a resort much frequented by painters. The local commissaire of police spent much time playing billiards with the artists, having little else to do, as only an occasional drunken quarrel disturbed the peace of the community.

Curiously enough, women were invariably the assailants. Strongly built, with a Mongol type of countenance and unusual head-dress, they belonged to a Celtic tribe, the women of which had for generations been employed in heavy manual labour and the unloading of ships, whilst the men stayed at home to look after the family. Regularly on Saturday nights, reversing the usual order of things, these stalwart women got drunk, and whilst in that condition generally assaulted their husbands, who were physically their inferiors. I remember seeing one of these heavily built, flat-chested women to take her husband by the neck (in his folly he had answered her back) and bang his head against the wall until he howled for mercy, whilst her lady friends looked on approvingly!

Mr. Jones Thaddeus adds one or two anecdotes to the innumerable anecdotes about the personal Whistler. He was a guest of Mortimer Menpes at a supper party given in honour of Whistler and



THE LATE JUSTIN MCCARTHY

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was the only one present who did not worship at the shrine of the famous "White Lock." Under the influence of the good cheer Whistler left for a moment the abode of the Gods, became mortal, and condescended to ask Thaddeus's opinion of Velasquez. The expressed admiration Whistler accepted as homage to himself until Thaddeus ventured to suggest that if the master had a weakness, it was to be found in his horses and dogs. The criticism was rank blasphemy. The smile froze on Menpes's face, and Whistler drew his chair away as from a thing accursed. "Might I ask you, sir," he said in withering tones, "the name of the animal painter you honour with your approbation, as I wish to treasure it in my memory?" "Don't you think," responded Thaddeus, "that Landseer was a great animal painter?—better in that respect than——" the sentence was never finished. Whistler arose in his wrath, and addressing the horror-stricken "disciples" exclaimed: "Gentleman, you have all heard what this eminent person has said. He has the audacity, the audacity—gentlemen—to my face—to say—that Landseer—a cheap tea tray performer—knew how to paint animals!"

As a result of this mistake and the scene, at once ludicrous and terrifying, which followed it, Thaddeus was cut witheringly by Whistler at their next meeting, the American painter looking him scornfully up and down, then raising himself to his full height and remarking "I do not know you, sir." But Thaddeus got even later. One day he was visiting the galleries of Hampton Court with a friend, and came upon Whistler, who was accompanied by a lady. Whistler was caustically demolishing one picture after another.

Apparently absorbed in the painting before us, with my back turned toward him, I awaited Whistler until he came quite close, giving his lecture now for everybody's benefit, the picture at my side attracting his attention.

"Perhaps you are not familiar with the works of the greatest master of them all," I then said to my friend in an assumed voice, and apparently continuing a conversation: "the modern Velasques, Mr. Whistler?"

The voice behind me stopped suddenly, and I felt its owner sidling nearer to me, my friend observing at the same time that he held up his finger, motioning to his companion to keep silent. Then, knowing my victim's insatiable love for flattery, I simply poured forth adulation! I expatiated on his genius, eulogised his wit, vaunted his endearing qualities of mind and heart, described his unique personal attractions; no mortal, not even Whistler himself, had ever before tasted so divine a draught of praise as I then held to his eager lips. At last, intoxicated by my honeyed verbosity, he longed to kiss the hem of the garment of this heavenly stranger who so truly valued and so sympathetically understood his rare accomplishments. But, rooted to the spot, his heart beating with joy, and his panting breath warming my back, he never stirred until I stopped for a moment, trying to remember a superlative adjective to crown a supreme conception. Then he moved cautiously around to feast his eyes on the unknown. As he did so I looked down on him, and saw his uplifted face wreathed in smiles, his eyes misty with emotion. For a second he failed to recognise me, but when he did the smile vanished—he shrank back, and gave me a look so charged with concentrated venom and hatred that it is a miracle I survived its scathing, blighting influence.

Wanted—A Novelist

A few weeks ago a very widely known writer called us up to tell us of a curious letter that he had just received. Some days later another very well-known writer began to tell us of a very curious letter that he had just received. Then a third well-known writer; then a fourth and a fifth until we arrived at the conclusion that the curious letter in question had been sent to fully one-half of the novelists of importance in the land. The letter, on the paper of an advertising company, was as follows:

DEAR SIR: You are indebted for this intrusion to the editor of one of the large magazines. May I, therefore, trespass upon your time to the extent of this letter by asking your assistance and suggestions in finding some one to write a new kind of book for one of my clients? I assure you I shall appreciate any courtesy you may be able to extend me.

Do you recall *Lady Merton, Colonist,* by Mrs. Humphry Ward? The scene of that

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story is for the most part in the Canadian Northwest. It might almost be said to exploit that country, as a piece of advertising literature, and it is said that thousands were attracted by Mrs. Ward's book to journey to that country either as sightseers or as colonists.

Well, it is just such a book that I have in mind—a novel of from one hundred to two hundred pages; that is, of sufficient length to develop and carry the plot to a natural and happy conclusion.

It must be more than a short story, you see. It must be written by some one who can maintain interest to the extent of at least a short novel.

The scene of the story is to be in the East. Its purpose would be to exploit certain very high class Eastern territory, but it would have to be done so cleverly and so subtly that the reader would not realise that the book had any other purpose than to entertain and instruct, exactly like any other novel.

Not a line or word of advertising should appear in the book—not even the name of the concern that inspired it. Indeed, the idea would be to have the book carry the name of its author on the title page, have it published by some well-known publishing house, and have it sold at the bookstores like any other novel.

Therefore, the better known the author and the publisher, the stronger the first appeal of the book.

The author would be paid a flat price for writing the book, and there is no reason why he should not also receive a royalty on the sales.

We have all the data—historical facts and pictures—necessary for the work. What we desire now is the writer who can take these facts and weave them into a charming story, and paint a word picture of such absorbing interest that the reader will unconsciously be impelled to investigate the territory—the scenes—where the action of the story takes place.

These facts are so fascinating—they seem more like fiction than facts—that in the hands of the proper writer they could be done into a story as entertaining as any Arabian Nights tale that ever held you or me spellbound in wonder and amazement.

But where can I find a clever and well-known writer who would undertake this work? Can you and will you be good enough to help me with a line of suggestion? Don't you see that it ought to be some one with as great, or almost as great, a reputation as your own? But who or where is he—or she?

Assuring you of my appreciation of any suggestion you may have the time to offer, I am

Very truly yours,

The reader will note the wording of the last paragraph. The writer is careful to make no direct proposition, but with a fine flourish of flattery ingeniously invites suggestion. Some of the other letters differ from this one in detail, but in every one this last paragraph is the same. Whether any writer has seen fit to make the obvious response we do not know.

Now this letter suggests some interesting questions. A number of years ago a French newspaper printed an article which contended that the exploitation of various industries for considerations was a recognised source of income with many French men of letters. The method was simple and easy enough. The wealthy *parvenu* of a story, pointing out to another character the many beauties of his new chateau, could go on to explain that it had been constructed from the plans of Messieurs So and So, the distinguished architects of the Rue Lafayette, Paris. Or Mademoiselle Florine of the Folies Bergères, being complimented on her beautiful gown, could casually remark that it was the work of Madame Une Telle, of the Rue Daunou, "an artist, my dear, and most reasonable in her charges." The article in question went on to print a scale, which it maintained was authentic, of the prices of the various novelists. For example, a notice in the *feuilleton* of some minor scribbler of Montmartre could be had for a five-franc piece. In a novel by M. Zola it would cost many hundreds. The article did not intimate any kind of *chantage;* did not suggest that a restaurant that proved obdurate might run the risk of being represented as serving an underdone sole or an overdone cutlet. While we have never taken the article very seriously it must be said that its arraignment of French literary conditions is no more severe than that of Balzac in the second part of *Illusions Perdues.*

While we do not think that anything of

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WHERE ROBERT BROWNING DIED

Browning's last earthly view was of the Grand Canal in Venice. On May 7th of this year, when the Browning centenary was celebrated, the Mayor of Venice sent the following telegram to the Lord Mayor of London: "Venice, recalling with pride and reverence the fact that she is the city in which Browning drew his last breath, on the centennial of the birth of the great lover of Italy greets his glorious country."

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this kind has ever marked English or American fiction, the list of novels which have proved effective advertisements is an exceedingly long one. Think of all the lines that must have benefited materially from the books of Dickens. When the lovers of Thackeray read of the dinner given by the Marquis of Steyne to certain of his friends, among them Major Arthur Pendennis, at the Star and Garter at Greenwich, was he not strongly moved to an excursion that would augment the profits of that famous hostelry?

HENRYK SIENKIEWICZ AND HIS SON

Did not the information that Mr. Osborne lived in Russell Square, Mrs. Rawdon Crawley in Curzon Street, and Mr. Sherlock Holmes in Upper Baker Street exploit these localities? Could the Great Western Railway issue a pamphlet more profitable to its interests than Mr. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone?* And how many of the tourists who have visited India in the past fifteen or twenty years would have done so had the country not been discovered for them by Rudyard Kipling's stories? We do not think that half a million dollars, spent in skilful and flamboyant advertising, could have fixed the name of a place so firmly in the mind of the world as the lines beginning:

By the old Moulmein Pagado, looking lazy at the sea.

But the ethical side? How far could an author go without debasing his craft? A good portion of the successful books of the world have been written, not for the joy of the writing, but for a purpose, to exploit something or other, or to attack something or other. The ingenious advertising person whose letter suggests these paragraphs might say that he wanted from his novelist a document that would do for the section of the country in which he was financially interested. Just what Fenimore Cooper did for the Cooperstown region in the "Leather Stocking Tales," or what "Adirondack" Murray did for the Adirondacks, or what Bret Harte did for certain counties of California. He might contend that in wishing to exploit a certain section of one hundred thousand acres of pleasant country side he was a public benefactor, endeavouring to draw humanity away from the congestion of the cities for its own benefit and amelioration. He might even make out a specious and plausible case. Candidly, however, we are inclined to acquit him of any motives of pure philanthropy. Nor could we regard the novel that owed its inspiration to the line "some one with as great, or almost as great, a reputation as your own" as anything but an object of legitimate suspicion.

Sienkiewicz at Sixty-six

It is now more than twenty years ago that Henryk Sienkiewicz began to write the famous trilogy of the Polish Commonwealth, *Fire and Sword, The Deluge,* and *Pan Michael,* "for the strengthening of hearts." Now at the age of sixty-six he is as hale and vigorous as he was then. While his permanent home is in Warsaw, Russia, he makes frequent visits to Cracow, Austria, the ancient capital of Poland. Here it is that his son, Henryk Josef, an architect, resides. The younger Sienkiewicz is employed in the work of reconstructing the old fortress located on a rocky eminence overlooking the river Vistula. While in Cracow the author of *Quo Vadis* makes excellent use of the well-equipped library of the Cracow University, which recently celebrated its five hundredth anniversary. His last published novel was an African story called *In Desert and Wilderness.* Since the death of Jeremiah Curtin, Sienkiewicz's novels have been translated into English by Max A. Drezmal, of Chicago.

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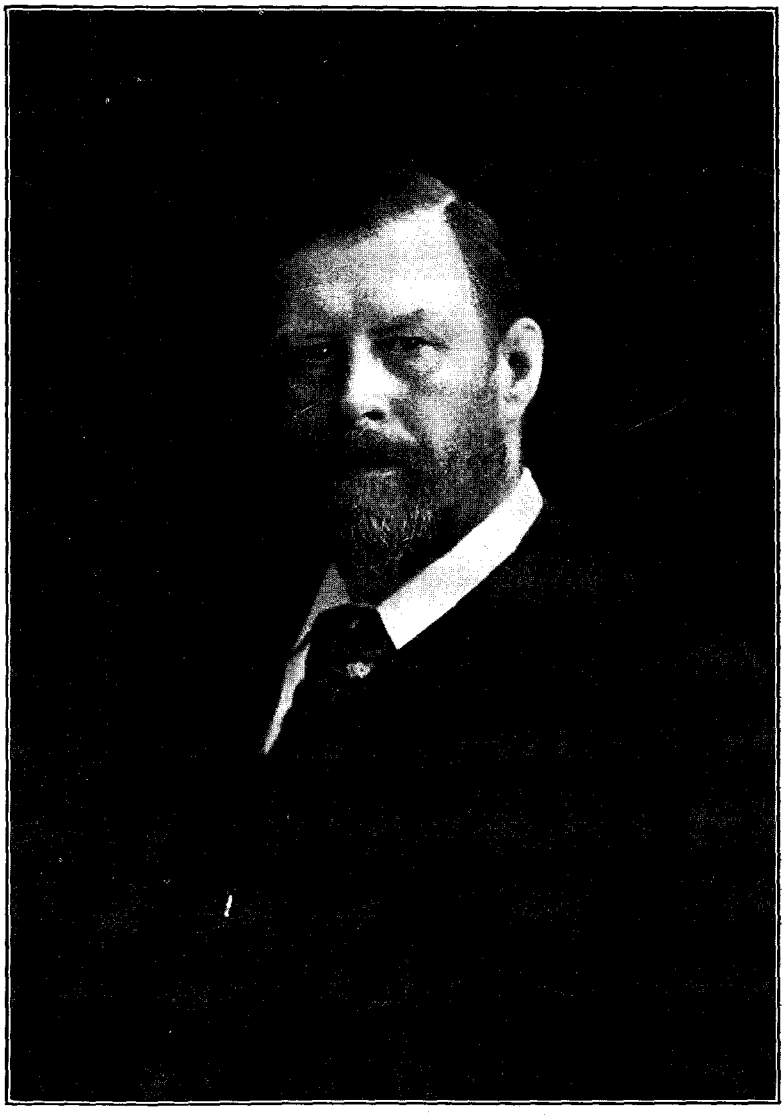
"Frankenstein"

Since the death of Bram Stoker several writers in the weekly and daily journals have thought to bestow high praise upon his *Dracula* by saying that it will eventually take its place with Mrs. Shelley's *Frankenstein.* We wonder how many of these writers have read *Frankenstein,* which, despite the fact that it is remembered after one hundred years, is one of the most badly constructed and written of stories. When the voice of pessimism over the degenerate library conditions of our time is particularly loud we can console ourselves with the thought that *Frankenstein,* in the form in which it was written, could not be published to-day. There is probably hardly a "publicity" man in any of our leading American publishing houses who could not be trusted to edit and "touch it up" to good effect. At any rate there could be very little harm done by revision.



BRAM STOKER

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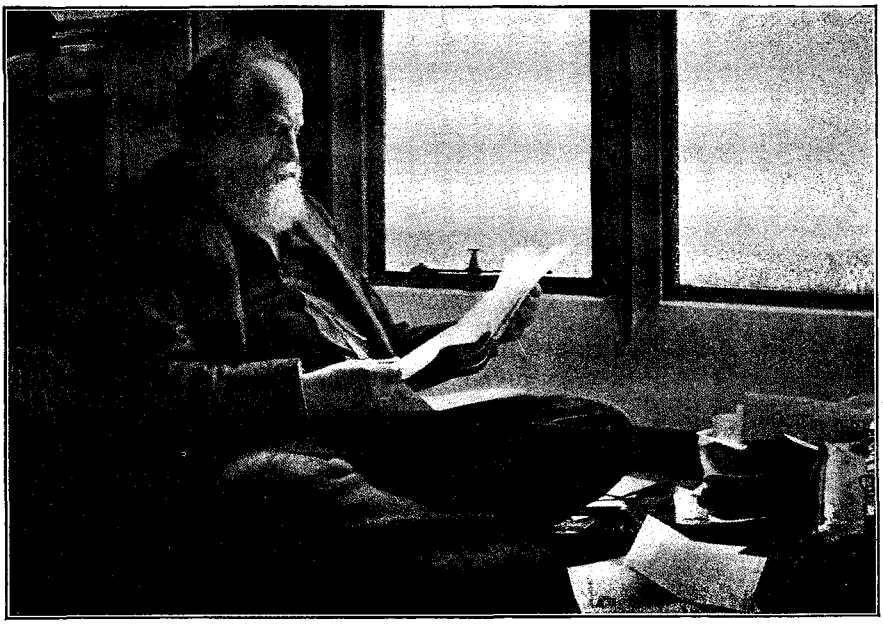

W. T. STEAD

Dracula, by the way, had some curious vicissitudes in the United States. At first no American publisher would take it and Bram Stoker himself went to considerable expense in copyrighting it in this country. Time went on, and it looked as if this money—hard-earned, as was all Stoker's money—would be utterly wasted. Then suddenly a publisher took the book, and from the very first its sales were enormous, not only in the States, but in Canada also.

W. T. Stead

The late W. T. Stead was probably sincere in his work, but the greater part of that work was unquestionably in very bad taste. He partook very freely of the hospitality of his fellows in Chicago, and went home and wrote *If Christ Came to Chicago.* The comment of Israel Zangwill on that book was "if Moses came to London he would be very much disgusted with Mr. Stead." Mr. Stead was the apostle of the new journalism long before the term "muckraker" came into general use. His later work undoubtedly deserved kinder mention, and the manner of his death should soften the voice of hostile criticism. In discussing him as a bookman, a writer in the *Yorkshire Observer* ventures the opinion that Stead, more than any other man, made the fame of Sarah Grand's *The Heavenly Twins.* That book to him was important because of its presentation of the woman question, and he did all he could for it because, on the whole, he agreed with the point of view of the writer.

Wrecks in Fiction

"The sea, and especially the catastrophic annals of the sea," says the same writer, "have always exercised an extraordinary fascination for the imaginative artist, as also, it may be added, for the reading public. The enduring popularity of *Robinson Crusoe, The Swiss Family Robinson,* and *The Wreck of the Grosvenor*—to pick out three very different books of adventure—prove how great a public there is for any narrative that tells in vivid, picturesque, and simple fashion, a tale, the more terrible the better, of the sea. That being so, it is strange indeed that the one writer of modern days who can describe, as no one else has ever yet described, the manifold perils and treach-

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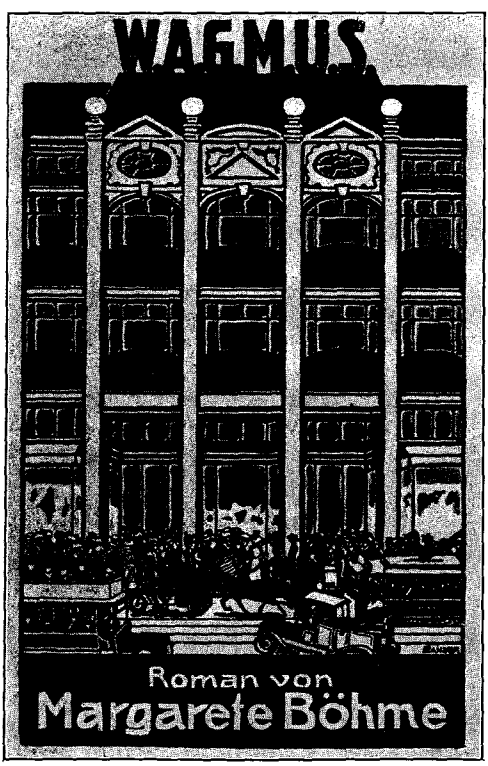
eries of the deep, should be, comparatively speaking, so little popular—Joseph Conrad, who has written not one, but half a dozen magnificent epics of the sea. Stevenson was always haunted by the thought of death by drowning, and in one of his letters he gives a very wonderful little word-picture of what the ordinary landsman feels like in a storm.

So far no modern realist has turned his attention to the perils of luxurious travel. One can imagine what Zola would have made of life on one of those mammoth liners; how he would have contrasted the foolish, aimless luxury surrounding the millionaire's bride with the grim discomforts endured by a bride in the steerage. He would have revelled in the humours of the Parisian Café on board, of the sixty cooks and scullions—in the first-class kitchen there were four sauce cooks alone—on the *Titanic*. And then he would have put his whole power of description into the sudden change from gaiety, love-making, eating, and drinking to terror, confusion, and darkness. There can be little doubt that had Zola lived twenty years longer he would have claimed the sea as background just as surely as he did that of a great railway line in *La Bête Humaine*.



COVER DESIGN OF THE GERMAN EDITION OF "W. A. G. M. U. S."

MARGARETE BÖHME

Margarete Böhme

Margarete Böhme, one of the leading novelists of the younger realistic school in Germany, whose recent volume, bearing the somewhat mystic and tantalising title of *W. A. G. M. U. S.* in the original, and translated under the title of *The Department Store*, is reviewed elsewhere in the original, first came into notice in 1905 through her widely discussed *Tagebuch einer Verlorenen*, an English version of which, *The Diary of a Lost One*, has been issued both in London and New York. Beginning with *Im Irrlichtschein*, in 1903, she produced, in the space of two years, no less than six novels, few

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MORGAN SHUSTER, THE AUTHOR OF "THE STRANGLING OF PERSIA," AND MRS. SHUSTER, IN THEIR CARRIAGE, AT THE SIDE OF THE ATABAK PALACE, WHERE THEY LIVED IN TEHERAN

of which have yet gone into a second edition. But with the publication of *The Diary of a Lost One,* which rivals Zola's biggest successes in point of sales, having gone well beyond the 160,000 mark, her fortunes changed, and each succeeding volume has met with serious consideration. Upon the appearance of *The History of Dida Ibsen,* which has been aptly labelled as "a replica of *The Diary of a Lost One,*" Théodor de Wyzewa, the discriminating and cosmopolitan critic of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* used the volume as a text for some interesting comments on the progress of the naturalistic movement in Germany. After pointing out that the initiators of the movement, toward the close of the nineteenth century, very largely failed, not because they pictured existing conditions of evil, but because they borrowed from the French school a spirit of irony and contempt which was "the last thing in the world that their compatriots could appreciate," he goes on to say: "How much more intelligent are the efforts of the German naturalists of to-day! They do not dream of smiling at the downfall and the misfortune of their unfortunate women. They show us these poor creatures, drawn down to destruction by invincible fatality; and when fatality has overborne their resistance, the authors pity them, weep and lament with them, and exert themselves to win our sympathy for them, by showing us that their natures contain unsuspected treasures of tenderness and resignation." And in conclusion, he asks: "Where then have we already seen 'lost ones' of this sort, who admit their 'errors' in the same unconcerned tone in which they might relate the most ordinary happenings? . . . We must go back to certain very old books, in order to find the true ancestors of Dida Ibsen, back to the chronicles of Daniel Defoe, and Fielding and the Abbé Prévost, the first creators of this type of novel. In short, the Germans have gone back two centuries, in their effort to impart something new to the naturalistic novel, and have simply succeeded in bringing it back once more to the point of departure."

Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes

Mrs. Marie Adelaide Belloc-Lowndes, whose latest novel, *The Chink in the Armour,* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a sister of Hilaire Belloc, the well-known statesman and author, and consequently is of mixed English and French ancestry. Her father, the late Louis Belloc, was a member of the French bar, and son of Belloc the artist, more than one of whose paintings have found their way into the collection in the Louvre. Her mother, who was a granddaughter of Priestley, the discoverer of oxygen, enjoyed the ac-

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quaintance of George Eliot, the Rossettis, and many other well-known writers of the mid-Victorian period, and is remembered as author of *In a Walled Garden*, and other essays. Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes at one time specialised in French history and takes a keen interest in contemporary literature and biography, especially memoirs and reminiscences, considering it essential that a writer of imaginative works should constantly be nourished and stimulated on books of this class. As a matter of fact, her first published volumes were not fiction but biography, including *The Life and Letters of Charlotte Elizabeth, Princess Palatine* (1889) and *Pages from the De Goncourt Journals*, compiled in collaboration with Miss Shadlock (1894).

In fiction, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes was nurtured on the best of the English writers and early formed a taste, not only for Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, but curiously enough for the now unjustly neglected Miss Edgeworth, while Trollope was one of her chief favourites. At the same time, it is not surprising, in view of her ancestry, that she should have been strongly influenced by the French school of fiction, to which she was early introduced, being little more than a child when, as she herself relates, she was allowed to read practically all of the elder Dumas. Her first venture in fiction, *The Philosophy of the Marquise*, was a novel in dialogue form, written frankly in imitation of "Gyp," which found scant favour with the critics, the *Academy* grudgingly admitting that it was "clever journalism," while the *Athenæum* bluntly stigmatised it as "a book about a set of insufferable snobs and cads." *The Heart of Penelope*, which followed in 1894, revealed its author as a writer of serious intent and unsuspected strength; and *Barbara Rebell*, published a year later, caused a leading English review, previously hostile to her, to declare enthusiastically, "there is more breadth and largeness about Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes than any other woman novelist we can call to mind."

For several years longer, in volumes like *The Pulse of Life* (1907), *The Uttermost Farthing* (1908), and *Studies in Wives* (1909), Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes continued to cultivate the same vein of fiction, careful and minute studies of people and situations, characterised by a Continental boldness of theme,—as for instance, *The Heart of Penelope*, in which the central idea is whether a mother has the right to commit murder, in order to save her daughter from dishonour. These volumes brought her a steadily increasing *succès d'estime*, but not a wide public. Suddenly, in 1910, she

GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER, AUTHOR OF "FIVE THOUSAND AN HOUR"

abandoned her previous field in favour of the novel of crime and mystery, and achieved a surprising success with *When No Man Pursueth*, in which, in a charming and sunny setting of Surrey landscape, two villains, a frank, genial male villain, and a pale, gentle, and truly womanly villain, conspire slowly to poison their respective wife and sister. It is interesting to note that this formula, a man and woman, apparently quite inoffensive, but really partners in crime, in a setting apparently redolent with the joy

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of living, also serves as the substructure of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's new volume.

Regarding Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's theories and methods of writing, the London *Literary World* not long since published some interesting details. "Her view is that in a literary sense the novel exists only if it is a faithful presentation of human life. She would go on to tell you that inasmuch as the passion of love in its myriad forms is the real mainspring of human life, any story which ignores that passion is not in a true sense a novel at all. And if you were to ask her how human life should be presented she would reply: "Like a panorama, like a peopled landscape, not like a portrait or figure study." The reality of life, she believes, is not so much the external and objective thing that happens, as those secret springs of human character that make it. It follows from this that she rejects the plot—almost universal in modern fiction,—that has one central figure, or at most two central figures, set against a background of shadowy beings who are brought in only to furnish some sort of

MRS. BELLOC-LOWNDES

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relief and only in direct relation to the central characters. Such a story she considers to be bad art because it is an essentially false presentment of life. The same writer goes on to say that, as regards her method of composition, Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes writes very slowly and revises extensively. She believes in putting a story away for some weeks or even months and coming to it again with a fresh mind. She is also an assiduous reader of other people's work; but in spite of her fondness for biographies and personal memoirs, and her belief in their stimulating influence, she considers that they should not be used too literally as material by the novelist. "To transfer real scenes and personages into the pages of a novel seems to her to argue a lack of imagination. . . . Only in *A Pulse of Life* has she attempted to portray an individual, the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, who certainly resembles Cardinal Manning as she knew him in his old age."

AVERY ABBOTT, AUTHOR OF "CAPTAIN MARTHA MARY"

MARION POLK ANGELLOTTI, AUTHOR OF "THE BURGUNDIAN"

Amelie Rives

Back in the middle nineties a well-known American man of letters made a calculation of just how long it took the British literary world to follow the leads given it by Americans. In round numbers he suggested ten years as the average period of incubation, and characterised that as rather rapid work for the English mind. To illustrate his argument, he pointed out the three marked developments in English fiction of the time and maintained that they were all due to American initiation. The first was the revival of romantic fiction seen in the popularity of Conan Doyle, Stanley Weyman, and Rider Haggard. That he ascribed to the example of Archibald Clavering Gunter, whose *Mr. Barnes of New York,* which had appeared ten years earlier, had had such a phenomenal success. In this field of development the American critic was willing to concede that the English had improved on American models. Not so was the second development. That he

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held to be the village story represented in England by Quiller Couch, Ian McLaren, and Barrie, and clearly taken up by them in imitation of Sara Orne Jewett, Hamlin Garland, and Mary E. Wilkins. The third development was the semi-erotic novel, represented by *Dodo, A Yellow Aster,* and *The Green Carnation.* That type he traced back ten years to Amelie Rives's *The Quick or the Dead.*

To the readers of the new generation *The Quick or the Dead* is little more than a name. Twenty-four years ago it was the most talked-of book in the land, and with its publication the young author stepped from absolute obscurity to nation wide celebrity. It was discussed with bated breath, it was attacked and it was applauded. It was barred from libraries and championed in pulpits. It originally appeared as a short novel in the columns of *Lippincott's Magazine,* and with Oscar Wilde's *A Picture of Dorian Grey,* and Rudyard Kipling's *The Light That Failed* gave that feature of the magazine a distinction which clung to it for years. Published to-day *The Quick or the Dead* would probably not cause the slightest ripple of excitement. By a few it would be recognised as a novel of unusual but immature power. But it would not startle, and it would not shock.

AMELIE RIVES (THE PRINCESS TROUBETSKOY)

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As F. P. A. Sees It

Mr. Franklin P. Adams, whose daily column in a New York afternoon newspaper has a following that is both wide and well deserved, endorses our remarks of last month about the late O. Henry and his cleverest imitator. The mere fact that the lines did not happen to be written by Mr. Adams himself, but are the work of a very clever and much exploited contributor, really does not materially change matters. It is the utterance of "the Column."

O. Henry's name, unless mistaken I'm,
Goes ednaferberating down through Time.

Miss Ferber, by the way, does not agree with our expressed opinions of her limitations when she undertakes to write of "inside baseball." We did not expect that she would. Here is her letter on the subject, in part:

4718 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.
May sixth, 1912.

That hurt, as you intended it should. I'll take my medicine like a lady, but you don't mind my making a face as it goes down, do you?

You, buried up there in your office, or your apartment, with your books, books, books, and your pipe, and your everlasting manuscripts, and makers of manuscripts, don't you know that your woman secretary knows more about baseball than you do? Don't you know that every American girl knows baseball, and that most of us read the sporting page, not as a pose, but because we're interested in things that happen on the field and track, and links, and gridiron? Bless your heart that baseball story was the worst story in the book, but it was written after a solid summer of watching our bush-league team play ball in the little Wisconsin town that I used to call home.

Humanity? Which of us really knows it? But take a fairly intelligent girl of seventeen, put her on a country daily newspaper, and then keep her on one paper or another, country and city, for six years, and—well, she just naturally can't help learning some things about some folks, now can she? And that knowledge, whatever it is, won't be "simulated."

Oh, well, I suppose I had it coming to me. I didn't know I was putting on so much side.

THE ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN PARTNERSHIP, THE AUTHORS OF "LE JUIF POLONAIS" ("THE BELLS") IN COLLABORATION

But it'll do me good. You say that two or three more such books may entitle me to serious consideration. If I can get the editors to take more stories, why, I suppose there'll be more books. But please don't perform any serious consideration stuff over 'em. Because me'n Georgie Cohan, we jest aims to amuse.

Sincerely and with a chidden spirit,

EDNA FERBER.

From that cloistered atmosphere which Miss Ferber ascribes to us we retort. "Don't you know," she asks, "that every American girl knows baseball?" We know a number of American girls who know something about baseball, perhaps even considerable about baseball, but we don't know one who knows baseball. Perhaps such a person exists, but again assuredly it is not Miss Edna Ferber. We are quite willing to concede that she can keep score correctly, after a fashion, that she knows the difference between a "Texas Leaguer" and a "delayed steal," and that she can grasp intelligently allusions to the "White Sox," the "Cubs," the "Pirates," the "Naps," the "Tigers," and the "Doves." But when she turns to baseball as a field for fiction, no matter how carefully she may watch herself, there will always be the little touch that will provoke the grin of the masculine reader. For on this subject it will always be the case of the "Woman who does not know, and cannot understand."

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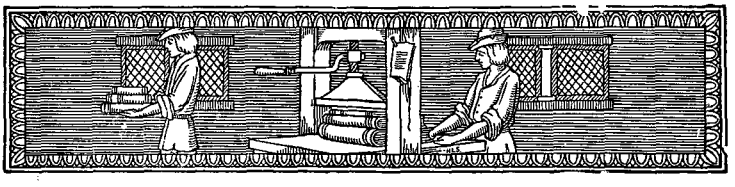
ANNA A. CHAPIN, AUTHOR OF "THE UNDER TRAIL"

The Real Thing

This is the story of a novel which enjoyed considerable success when it was published three or four years ago. When the story was being planned, the author, who has since achieved a literary position of considerable importance, though not as a novelist, could not hit upon just the right background. He needed a setting that would hold his three principal characters, a woman and two men, together for a period of ten or twelve days, despite the fact that the complications of the tale itself would inevitably have moved one or the other of the men to immediate departure. He told a friend of his dilemma. "Why," said the mentor, "put them on board a slow-going transatlantic liner, one of the new boats." "But," retorted the novelist, "I have never crossed the ocean and know nothing about transatlantic liners." "That," said the other, "is a matter of easy remedy. The ——— sails at ten to-morrow morning. Let us go down at nine and put an end to your troubles." The next day the two visited the ship in question, the author asking questions of his friend and making observations and notes. The smoking room was studied carefully as being just the place for the fight, and certain remote corners of the decks as suitable scenes for discreet and fervent courtship. Before the clanging of the gong with its "All ashore who are going ashore" message, the novelist closed his note book with the manner of a man whose task is finished. "A year or so later," said the friend who had directed the search for local colour, "I was crossing the ocean and gave ——— ——— ——— to the captain of the boat to read. He did not care so much for the love passages, but what did please him was to find at last a novelist writing of the sea who really knew his subject. He had not read half a dozen pages before he knew that here was the real thing."

The Place of Chesterton

An American essayist of great brilliancy and exceedingly rigid literary standards was talking of G. K. Chesterton's *Manalive*. The direct question was put to him. "Chesterton is no longer a novelty. He has written enough to enable one to assign him a definite place in contemporary English literature. In your mind how high is this place? How do you appraise him?" "At the very top." "And will this be permanent?" "More permanent than that of Robert Louis Stevenson or Rudyard Kipling." Without endorsing this opinion we submit it as one that deserves serious consideration.



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MEREDITH NICHOLSON JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY
ALFRED TENNYSON DICKENS

The group portrait was taken in Indianapolis a short time before the death of Mr. Dickens

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THE HARVEST OF THE SEA

BY CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

The jealous Sea moaned in the April night:
"Lo! there are comrades hidden in my heart,
Unfortunates who sought me, sick of life.
But I am hungry for brave souls; I crave
Their warmth and passion through my chilling tides;
Their heads upon my bosom, and their hands,
Like children's hands, about me in the dark.
I need their blood in my cold loneliness."

A Titan sailed her weary leagues of foam,
Unknowing her strange wish, her mad desire.
But there was menace in the startlit night,
And sudden doom upon deceiving paths,
And a wild horror on the mighty deep.

The grey Sea laughed—and drew those brave men down,
And braver women who but mocked at Death,
Seeing that Love went with them. These the souls
The awful Sea desired! These the hearts
She waited for in that stupendous hour!
They were enough to warm the Arctic wastes,
To fill with furnace heat the frozen zones,
And fire the very Sea that was their grave.

But dream not, mighty Ocean, they are yours!
We have them still, those high and valiant men
Who died that others might reach ports of peace.
Not in your jealous depths their spirits roam,
But through the world to-day, and up to heaven!

STRINDBERG IN AMERICA

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

WHATEVER estimate may ultimately come to be made of August Strindberg's greatness, there can be no doubt whatever of his bigness. In this desultory age of slow endeavours and small accomplishments, he looms like some belated Titan left over from an earlier and more gigantic period. Though he may not be an author of the first merit, he is undeniably an author of the first magnitude; and it is reassuring to remark, as we scan the field of contemporary literature, that one large man, at least, is still among us. Strindberg is at present sixty-three years old. During a productive period of over forty years, he has alone created what, in extent and in variety, amounts almost to a national literature. To quote the computation of his interpreter, Mr. Edwin Björkman, he has published "fifty-five plays, six novels, fifteen col-

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lections of short stories, nine autobiographical novels, three collections of verse, four volumes of history, five volumes of science, and seventeen collections of literary, social, and scientific essays, nature studies, etc." But his largeness is manifested not only by his productivity, but by the further fact that nearly all these various volumes have been fashioned, so to speak, out of himself. No writer has ever been more subjective in the process of his thought, more personal in the expression of it. Strindberg's writings are a record of his own experience of life. He is not so much an observer of the life about him as a brooder on the life within him. How intense that life has been,—how limitless those vital continents within his soul, of which he has been a tireless explorer,—is evidenced by the vastness of the visioning of his inward-looking eyes.

Till very recently the work of Strindberg has remained, in America, almost utterly unknown. His name, among us, has been merely a name, spoken only now and then by professional adventurers into distant domains of literature, like the far-exploring Mr. Huneker. To be sure, a few of his short stories have appeared from time to time in magazines of narrow circulation; and his one-act play, *The Stronger* (1890), has been given once or twice at semi-public performances. This little piece is very curious in form. Two women—one of the domestic type, the other of the vampire type—meet in a corner of a café. The former is the wife, and the latter has been the mistress, of a man whose character is pretty clearly suggested in the lines. The piece is one long monologue by the wife, punctuated only by gestures and changes in facial expression on the part of the other woman. The silent part is, of course, the more effective of the two for a capable actress. The entire life-story of the three members of the triangle is laid bare in the apparently inconsequential patter of the wife's long speech. The technical method reminds us of that of Browning's monologues, like *Andrea del Sarto,* for example; but it marks a startling innovation in the actual theatre. It seems rather singular that this extraordinary little play did not awaken in America an immediate interest in the more substantial labours of the author.

But very recently we have been treated to a sudden splash and splurge of Strindberg. His three-act tragedy, *The Father,* was put up for a run at the Berkeley Theatre, in New York, by Messrs. Warner Oland and Frederic Burt, and achieved an emphatic *succès d'estime.* The piece was translated by Edith Shearn Oland and Warner Oland; and Mr. Oland also acted the leading part. The performance, though not brilliant, was thoroughly adequate; and the terrifying power of the play itself sent us all scurrying to libraries to acquaint ourselves further with this discomforting and morbid-minded giant of the north. At about the same time, Mr. Edwin Björkman published an authorised translation of four of Strindberg's later plays, with an interesting introduction;* and another volume of translations has been promised by Mr. Oland for the immediate future. The works thus set immediately before us call for critical consideration at the present time; and they are sufficiently representative of the dominant directions of Strindberg's mind to offer occasion for certain general comments on his message.

Since—as has been said—the work of Strindberg is almost invariably subjective in mood and autobiographical in content, it is necessary, before attempting a critical study of any of his pieces, to make ourselves familiar with the formative factors of his life-experience. For the essential data, we are indebted to Mr. Björkman's valuable introduction and to his still more valuable essays in two recent numbers of *The Forum.*

August Strindberg was born in Stockholm on January 22, 1849. His father, a small tradesman, had failed in business shortly before this date, and remained uncomfortably poor throughout the poet's early years. His mother was a barmaid. August, the third child of their union, was born only a couple of months after

*Plays by August Strindberg. The Dream Play. The Link. The Dance of Death, Parts I and II. Translated with an Introduction by Edwin Björkman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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they had been legally married. He seems to have come unwelcome into the world; and life, throughout his childhood, appeared to treat him as an intruder. The family was large, and the family life was artificially constricted by the fact that ten people had to live together in three rooms. The other members of the household were commonplace; and the genius who had happened to be born amongst them found himself from the outset isolated and misunderstood. His elder brothers hated him; and even to his parents this sensitive and timid child looked in vain for the understanding and the sympathy he longed for. Thus, early in his childhood, he was made to look upon life as an incessant warfare waged upon the individual by his environment; and this conception of life as war, a war in which the individual finds himself forever on the losing side, remains to this day one of the leading motives of his message. It is scarcely necessary to add that, in his feeling about war, he agrees with General Sherman.

One incident at the age of eight burned itself so deeply into his memory that he

AUGUST STRINDBERG

August Strindberg died in Stockholm, Sweden, on Tuesday, May 14, 1912. Mr. Hamilton's article was written a short time before the death of the Swedish dramatist

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recurs to it again and again in his writings. He was unjustly accused of some minor misdeed in the household, held at fault in spite of his disclaimers, and finally tormented into a false acknowledgment of guilt to shield himself from further punishment. Thereby he realised early a reversal of the maxim that might makes right; and a protest against the stark injustice of the powers of this world became another of the leading motives of his message.

At the university of Upsala he was very poor,—too poor to buy either books or firewood. From this experience he escaped to teach a primary class in a public school of Stockholm. It then struck him oddly that in insisting every day that two and two make four he was returning tragically to a previous stage in his own mental development, and wasting his life in living over what had been lived already. Thereby he discovered another of his leading motives,—a sense of the appalling monotony of that "petty round of irritating concerns and duties" that makes us live in circles, day by day, like squirrels in a tread-mill cage.

Early in his twenties he began to launch literary masterpieces; but these were spurned by the critics and the public, and their reception left him still further isolated and embittered. Life seemed indeed at war with him. His plays and novels of this period [with none of which I am acquainted] are classed by Mr. Björkman as Romantic, in contradistinction to the Naturalistic works of his middle period [the period of *The Father*] and the Symbolistic works of his third and latest period [the period of the plays in Mr. Björkman's volume]. In this threefold evolution, from the Romantic through the Naturalistic to the Symbolistic, Strindberg has paralleled the similar development of Ibsen.

At the age of twenty-six he fell in love with the woman who was to exert a deeper influence upon his work than any other factor in his life-experience. She was already married; but she obtained a divorce and married Strindberg. For a time their wedded life was happy; and the poet, in this single sunny period of his experience, poured forth an amazing number and variety of literary works conceived in the Romantic mood. But a little later his marriage began to be disrupted by dissensions; and the domestic life became increasingly unbearable, to both parties, as the years proceeded. Held together by their children, they endured a life of torture, until finally, after sixteen years, they abandoned the hopeless struggle and were divorced.

This tragic experience has coloured all the later work of Strindberg. He had begun by conceiving life as war; and he now discovered, in his own case, that love, which is the origin and essence of life, is also war,—a yearlong, lifelong battle, without an interrupting truce. Hence he conceived love as only the obverse of a two-sided passion, of which the inevitable reverse is hatred. Other poets have made the same discovery: compare, for instance, Mr. Kipling's harrowing lines, "I 'ate you, grinnin' there. . . . Ah, Gawd, I love you so!"

It is highly likely that the only genuinely happy marriages are those in which one party is so preponderously powerful as to make a complete conquest of the other. The trouble in the case of Strindberg's marriage seems to have been that both parties, individually, were so strong that the battle between them could be neither won nor lost. In struggling vainly to merge themselves in unity, they merely violated the sanctity of each other's individuality. To say the same thing in less pedantic terms, they got upon each other's nerves.

Throughout the struggle, Strindberg, who is enormously an egoist, seems to have resented, most of all, the implied negation of his own innate superiority to his wife. Upon this point he brooded deeply, transmuting it [as is the habit of his mind] from the particular to the general, until he came to imagine life as a harrowing warfare waged upon man by woman,—a creature inferior (as he conceived) both physically and mentally and morally. Hating one woman in the concrete, he came to hate all women in the abstract. It happened that this experience of his coincided chronologically with that feminist movement in literature which had been awakened by such works as the *Doll's House* of Ibsen; and against this new suggestion of equality between

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the sexes he arrayed himself in wrath. He became the arch misogynist of the modern world. It should perhaps be noted, in the present context, that in his later life he has twice been married and both times divorced. There can be no doubt, indeed, of his equipment for the discussion of domestic infelicity.

Another phase of his experience should be referred to before we turn to a critical consideration of the works before us. The genius of Strindberg is obviously of the sort that is "to madness near allied." He has displayed, throughout his life, two symptoms of insanity which alienists are fond of harping on,—namely, the "exaggerated ego" and the sense of being always persecuted. More than once his tendency to madness has manifested itself acutely, so that he has retired for a time to a private sanitarium.

"The Father"

These points should be borne in mind in considering *The Father,* which develops the two themes of misogyny and madness. This tragedy was written in 1887, four years before the author's first divorce. It is the earliest of his plays to be conceived in the Naturalistic mood, and is the greatest dramatic product of his middle period.

The hero of this piece is a Captain of cavalry,—a man of sensitive and delicately nurtured mind, a free and original thinker, interested in scientific research, and illumined with a spark of genius. In his solitary musings, he is disturbed by the consciousness of a scarcely expressed but none the less embattled opposition from the feminine members of his household, consisting of his wife, his mother-in-law, and his sentimental old nurse. Mentally, he finds himself ill at ease in a nest of women who miscomprehend him and belittle him. With Laura, his wife, he has been long at daggers-drawn. They seldom quarrel openly; but she opposes him at every point, and the least detail of the daily round becomes evermore occasion for a silent struggle. Their smouldering enmity is fanned to a flame by the problem of the education of their only child, a daughter. The father wants her to be sent away to a city school, to be brought up in an atmosphere of free thinking; and the mother wants to keep her at home, to bring her up in the atmosphere of her grandmother's religiosity. The husband asserts his legal rights, explaining that the law confers upon a father supreme authority over the education of his child. To this move, the wife opposes an insidious suggestion. She asks her husband how he can prove legally that he is the father of her child, and throws out a hint that she may have been unfaithful to him.

There is, in fact, no basis for this sinister supposition; but the suggestion so works upon the sensitive mind of the Captain as to drive him into a state of nervous collapse. At this point, Laura calls in a physician, of quite commonplace perceptions, to observe her husband, and suggests to the doctor that the Captain is out of his mind. The Captain, growing restive under the adverse observation of this professional intruder, says and does several things that are decidedly eccentric, and ends up by throwing a lighted lamp at his detested wife.

There can now remain no doubt, in the minds of the doctor and the women, that the Captain is insane; and the dreadful consciousness of their belief is sufficient to unseat his reason. He tries, unsuccessfully, to kill his child. Thereafter, he is wheedled by the kindly treachery of his old nurse into donning a straitjacket. In impotent incarceration, he raves against the fiendishness of women, and then drops dead of apoplexy. Laura, having won at last an undisputed jurisdiction over her daughter, clasps the child in her arms with quiet, imperturbable satisfaction.

This tragedy—which is planned and written with extraordinary technical accomplishment—is remarkable mainly for two things:—first, its sympathetic study of incipient insanity, and second, the vehemence of its assault on womankind. Nowhere else, except in certain of the short stories of Guy de Maupassant, can there be found so subtle a delineation of a mind that hovers on the borderland between sanity and madness, and ultimately melts into insanity; and nowhere else can there be found so tremendous an arraignment of a female fiend.

For, if Iago is the most diabolical man in the entire range of drama, Laura is

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assuredly the most diabolical woman. Like Iago she is devoid of all emotion, valuing villainy for its own sake and enjoying it as an intellectual exercise. She drives her husband to madness and death with a detached and mentally disinterested observation of the process. She is all-powerful, because she has no scruples and no conscience. She means to win her point, and calmly does so, regardless of the consequences to her less primordial and more conscientious husband. She is a supreme embodiment of woman at her worst,—a lasting idol to be pointed to by all misogynists.

"Countess Julia"

To the same Naturalistic period belongs the one-act tragedy of *Countess Julia* (1888), which has recently been translated by Charles Recht.* This piece, which is unfolded in a single lengthy scene, set in the kitchen of a castle, is very interesting from a technical standpoint. The action occupies an entire night, from mid-evening until dawn. Only three speaking characters are represented; but certain intervals of time are summarised in pantomime by these and several other people. This device of suggesting in half an hour the passage of an entire night, with which we have been made familiar in Mr. Belasco's one-act version of *Madam Butterfly*, is thus shown to be an invention of the myriad-minded Swede.

The content of this little play is very horrible. A neurotic and hysterical Countess (aged twenty-five) tantalises her father's valet (aged thirty) into seducing her. The scene leading up to this abhorrent climax is a very remarkable study of the mental pathology of sex. The subsequent situation of the Countess and the valet is a situation of abject despair. The Countess does not dare remain at home; she does not dare to run away alone; and she realises that, if she elopes with the valet, they will merely hate each other. A vivid suggestion is made of the fierce warfare that is waged between plebeians who are rising through the generations and patricians who are similarly descending. In this instance, the rising scion of a new family and the falling scion of an old family have met, for one moment of hysterical insanity, to wreck and ruin their divided destinies. The play ends, in a moment of great terror, with a prevision that the Countess is about to cut her throat with a razor.

This play is sternly true of the mad and despicable people that it represents; but, even more than *The Father*, it stands apart, in theme and content, from the general and generous experience of humankind. It is a special, not a universal, work. It is clinical, instead of being generically representative.

Strindberg's transition from his Naturalistic to his Symbolistic period was not accomplished easily. In 1893, disgusted with his life and disillusioned with his work, he ceased writing altogether. But his restless mind, demanding unremitted occupation, applied itself to the alien endeavour of scientific research. He became obsessed with the mediæval notion of proving the transmutability of the elements, and spent three or four years trying to manufacture gold from baser substances. Toward the close of this mental *interregnum*, he succumbed to the religious influence of his great countryman, Emanuel Swedenborg, and exchanged his former materialistic scepticism for a believing mysticism. Then, in the literary firmament, the star of Maeterlinck arose; and he learned from the great Belgian the possibility of mysticism as a mood for utterance.

In 1896, Strindberg resigned himself for a couple of months to a sanitarium for the mentally unbalanced; but he emerged to embark upon a new period of extraordinary literary productivity, in a totally new vein, induced by his mental searchings of the immediately preceding years. To this latest, or Symbolistic, period, belong the plays that have been presented to us in Mr. Björkman's volume.

"The Link"

One of these, *The Link* (1897), is a lengthy delineation, in one act, of a psychological experience suggested by the author's first divorce. A Baron and a Baroness have agreed to disagree and to divorce themselves with decency. They have a child,

*Countess Julia. A Naturalistic Tragedy by August Strindberg. Translated by Charles Recht. Philadelphia: Brown Brothers.

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—the link which makes their disassociation difficult. They have agreed, for the sake of the child, not to blacken each other's characters. But the cumbersome and blundering procedure of the court forces them, in answering the necessary legal questions, to break out publicly in bitter and harrowing dissension. They are granted an harassed and losing liberty only after a tragic sacrifice of their self-respect, which has spread abroad a scandal that darkens the future of their child.

"The Dance of Death"

The Dance of Death (1901) is a drama in two parts, which affords a mystical expression to many of the recurrent themes remembered from the earlier experience of the author. In the first part, only three characters are represented [if we except three minor people who appear for but a moment],—a Captain, his wife, and her cousin. The piece reveals, first of all, the appalling monotony of daily life, with its ceaseless repetition of experiences already understood; secondly, the unemphatic but embittered enmity of a wife and husband who, having lived together many years, still fail to understand each other; and thirdly, the blind injustice of the ceaseless warfare of the world that is waged upon the individual. The drama develops an atmosphere of hatred, in which the numbed participants long eagerly but unemphatically for each other's deaths.

In the second part of the play, two new characters are introduced,—Judith, the daughter of the Captain, and Allan, the son of Curt, the cousin of the Captain's wife. These two young people love each other, and torture each other with that hatred which, according to Strindberg, is the inevitable concomitant of love. We perceive them proceeding, in spite of themselves, to destroy the integrity of each other's personality in the desperate and vain endeavour to link their lives in one. And, all the while, the life of their elders revolves with its recurrent monotony of love and hate, hate and love,—circular, invariable, hopeless.

This double drama offers a lengthy and appalling insistence on the disillusionment of life,—a life which wages constant war upon the individual,—a war from which the only orderly retreat is in pursuance of the fiddler of the dance of death.

"The Dream Play"

The Dream Play (1902) seems to me the greatest of the pieces included in Mr. Björkman's volume. In form, it is exceedingly singular. The author has attempted to reproduce the inconsecutive, but inexplicably satisfying, drift of a dreaming mind. As the author has stated in his prefatory note,—"Anything may happen; everything is possible and probable. Time and space do not exist. On an insignificant background of reality, imagination designs and embroiders novel patterns: a medley of memories, experiences, free fancies, absurdities, and improvisations. The characters split, double, multiply, vanish, solidify, blur, clarify. But one consciousness reigns above them all—that of the dreamer; and before it there are no secrets, no incongruities, no scruples, no laws. There is neither judgment nor exoneration, but merely narration. And as the dream is mostly painful, rarely pleasant, a note of melancholy and of pity with all living things runs right through the wabbly tale."

In this "wabbly tale," a daughter of the gods pays a visit to this earth and drifts aimlessly through many of the habitual scenes of human life. And the life that she drifts through is despairing, and monotonous, and motivated by that hatred which is the secondary name of love. Therefore the daughter of the gods, having looked on human life, decides that it is evil, and drifts backward to the heavens with a heavy consciousness of the injustice of the burden of mortality.

The Dream Play, like the other works we have examined, belongs to the literature of disillusionment; but every now and then it discloses a sudden, unexpected glimpse of that eternity of truth and beauty, in the faith of which the happy-starred among humanity smile and labour to do well. Thereby this drifting dream reveals itself as the work of a veritable poet, and deserves to be recorded as a positive achievement of the seeking human mind.

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A glimpse at these scattered works of Strindberg's [which are all that have thus far been made easily accessible in America] can scarcely aid us to estimate the ultimate importance of this huge and brooding giant of the north. But his insistence on recurrent themes, culled mainly from his own sinister and disenchanting experience of life, may help us [from a perusal only of these chosen works] to a tentative redaction of his message. What he has to say seems, mainly, to be this:—Life is war,—in which the individual, who is usually in the right, is at the mercy of his embattled environment, which is usually preponderously powerful. The laws of human life are regulated by a stark injustice, which has been endowed artificially with the power to regulate and to command. Life is appallingly monotonous, condemning us to repeat, over and over again, an experience from which we have already derived and digested the ultimate significance. Love, which is the origin and essence of life, is an embattled opposition of two spirits destined to destroy each other in the ineffectual endeavour to be one. The phenomenon of love is necessarily accompanied by the phenomenon of hatred; and, among strong spirits, domesticity is impossible, because it implies a sacrilegious violation of the integrity of the individual. Sex is a curse, because it provokes passions inevitably destructive of the honesty and amiability of the individual human soul. There is an eternal duel between the sexes, in which the male (because he is more conscientious) is usually in the right, and the female (because she has no conscience) has usually the preponderance of might. In the warfare of life, the wrong (because it is more mighty) usually triumphs over the right, and the female (because she is more deadly) most frequently destroys the male. Life is bitter: but there is ultimate release in death. After the tumult and the shouting dies, there may supervene the ease of tears, the illimitable lassitude of peace.

Thus, upon the basis of the handful of utterances now before us, I read the message of this Titan of the land of midday night. Very possibly some others of his countless untranslated volumes might alleviate this impression of the grim, gigantic Swede's displeasure with the things that are. But it would seem, from the works already set before us, that Strindberg will never attain an affluent and current popularity in America. We take our life less grimly than this morbid-minded Scandinavian. To most of us, this turgid, tremulous, tremendous world continues to appear [in the wise and laughing words of Stevenson] "a brave gymnasium, full of sea-bathing, and horse exercise, and bracing, manly virtues." And, as our happy-starred, belovèd Louis added, "Our affections and beliefs are wiser than we; the best that is in us is better than we can understand; for it is grounded beyond experience, and guides us, blindfold but safe, from one age to another."

It is a fallacy to think the night more potent than the day, and to discount such a sunny affirmation of our Anglo-Saxon genius in favour of a darker-minded, though still occasionally starlit, utterance from the brooding, meditative north. For us, in America, Strindberg must remain a sinister dissenter,—showing us the cloud, of which we hold already, in our vision, the luminous and silver lining,—opposing to us only a grim but gigantic negation of what we know (because of the illumined faith within us) to be true and beautiful and good. He is a spirit that denies, an angel of the dark, a Titan hurling huge but ineffectual projectiles against a faltering but not unkindly Deity of things that ultimately are.

In the July number, Mr. Hamilton will discuss "The New Art of Stage Direction," devoting special attention to the theories of Mr. Gordon Craig.

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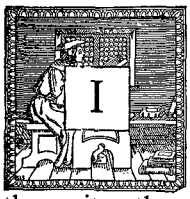
THE COMING OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS

BY AMEEN RIHANI

IN TWO PARTS. PART I

I



IN one of the most sequestered villages of Mount Lebanon, a peasant, who had never ventured beyond the confines of his own mountain-walled horizon, once told the writer the story of the Jew and the Pound of Flesh—the story of Shylock, indeed, which he related in all its details, and which was related to him by his neighbour who had travelled, he said, on the seashore of Syria. And this story, most probably, came to Syria, not through Shakespeare, but directly from its original Italian source. Likewise, much of the folklore and many of the legends of the people of Sicily and Malta are of one same Eastern provenance, the storiologists tell us, being analogous to those of the Arabs and Persians, except that they are sometimes slightly modified to suit the life and conditions of the people receiving them. But how did these Arab tales get to Sicily? By word of mouth, to be sure, even as the story of the Jew and the Pound of Flesh reached that mountain peasant. And by word of mouth, also, did the Arabian Nights Tales first circulate, not only in the East, but in the southern parts of Italy and Spain.

The professional story-teller, the reciter (*rawy*) rather, is the original author and publisher of the first tales of *The Nights*. And he is still as popular in the East as the dervishes who scorn him and his profession. In the cafés of the city, in his home in the village, in front of his tent in the desert, the *rawy* is always the central figure of a circle of people who listen enraptured to his dramatic recital of comic or tragic tales—tales which he gets from books, others from his *rawy*-ancestors, and still more which are of his own invention. Indeed, the *rawy* is a kind of author-actor-manager in embryo; and his art has its technique and traditions, handed down from father to son, which are always meticulously observed. Too much of a tale worketh ill, is one of these traditions. So he divides his story into so many parts—the more the better—to occupy so many evenings, and thus increase his stipend, which he receives sometimes in coins and sometimes in articles of food or smoke or drink. His lust of lucre is keener, indeed, than his hunger for applause. And it is amusing to see him leaving the scene after reaching a climax, while the audience, left in suspense, eager to hear more, would try to hold him back. No; the tradition must be observed. He will come again to-morrow evening. Too much of a tale worketh ill, says the learned and eminent critic Sheikh el-Konfushari. Aye, the gravest of Mohammedan doctors deign to dissert on the *rawy's* art and profession. In one of the manuscripts of *The Nights* there is to be found this suggestion: "If your audience be of the common people," says the learned sheikh advising the *rawy*, "recite to them the fables, which are in the first part of the book; and if they are of the governing class, recite the martial adventures, the stories of chivalry and heroism, which are in the last part."

To the *rawy*, therefore, is the credit, not only of popularising *The Nights* in the East, but also of first introducing them in Europe. Lane heard him in Egypt; Galland imported him from Aleppo to Paris; and Burton travelled with him in the desert, becoming himself a *rawy* of remarkable skill. As far back as the thirteenth century, also, an Arab poet of Granada, Ibn Sa'id by name, travelled in Egypt, and in a book he wrote on that country mentions the tale-tellers of Cairo and some of the stories he heard

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which resembled, he tells us, the Thousand Nights. And Ibn Sa'id, after his return from Egypt, related some of these stories to his friends in the pleasure gardens of Granada. This, probably, is the first instance we have of the migration of *The Nights* to Europe. That they were later translated into Spanish, finding their way thence to the early French Romances, is a theory which Chauvin and other Arabists maintain. But of this presently.

First, let attention be called to the instance, remote though it be and interesting perhaps only to the scholar, of their first appearance in Italian literature. Eugenio Camerini, in the preface to his edition of the works of the erratic and erotic Doni, he who anticipated the Decadents and their School, and who translated also the Fables of Bidpai to atone for his sins and his Petrarchian sonnets, gives an Arab story, the exact analogue of the story of the Seven Sages, which was taken down by one Narcisso a Rabbat from the lips of an old Arab story-teller, who had it from the works of the Sufi-poet Al-Ghazzali. The *rawy* again on the scene. But the seeds of many more such tales were wafted over from Sicily to germinate in the work of a more popular author,—in a book which begot many more like it, and which is a classic of its kind—Boccaccio's *Decameron*.

In the first place, the mechanism of the *Decameron* and that of the *Arabian Nights* is one and the same; they both have their inception in catastrophe, or the desire to escape it, the plague of Florence in the one, the crimes of Shahriar in the other; they both have a frame, enclosing tale within tale; and the ladies of Boccaccio are mostly descendants of Shahrazad. They take refuge in the country from the appalling calamity, and entertain each other with stories which have in them much that is Eastern, while in some of the episodes the similitude to *The Nights* is most remarkable. To mention a few of these. The ingenuity of the Marchioness of Montferrat,* who cures the king of his dishonourable love, suggests an episode in the story of the Seven Sages. Fiametta and Filomena entertaining the languid company in their Italian garden, suggest the three ladies of Baghdad and their Rabelaisian porter. Saladin disguising himself as a merchant is unmistakably Baghdadian. The story of Attaf the Generous* has its origin in one of the many remarkable deeds of Hatim Tey, famous in Arabic song and story for his generosity. The episode of the Pear Tree† and that of the Simpleton Husbands‡ are one and the same, except that they do not end alike. Lidia orders the tree cut down, "although the axe," said she, "might be as well employed on my husband's weak noddle;" the Simpleton in the Arabian tale says to his wanton spouse, Arise, let us depart this place, for it is full of Marids and Jinn. And he goes away assured that what he beheld under his own eyes when in the tree was all "a phantasy, a fascination." Thus, instead of the naïvete which is touching, we have in Boccaccio's version a touch of sophistication which is only amusing.

In France, four centuries before Galland's translation appeared, we find traces more marked of the footprints of *The Nights*. The story of the Enchanted Horse, slightly modified, we have in two old French Romances, one, *The Cléomadès,* written in the latter part of the thirteenth century by Adenet le Roi; the other, *Méliacin,* composed a few years later by Girard of Amiens. These two poems are closely related, the poets having drawn presumably on the same Spanish source. For a Spanish romance, which was an amplification of a version in an old manuscript of the *Arabian Nights,* Chauvin and other Arabists believe, must have been the original of *Méliacin* and *The Cléomadès,* which are in the main the same as the story of the Enchanted Horse with only a few exceptions where a few episodes, purely Spanish, are introduced. The scene of *Méliacin* is laid in Asia, that of *The Cléomadès* in Spain; and where the two poems differ in a few places from each other, they agree with the Arabic version. That a Spanish translation of the *Arabian Nights* was, therefore, then ex-

*Day 1, Nov. 5.

*Day 10, Nov. 8.

†Day 7, Nov. 9.

‡Burton's Supplementary Nights, Vol. I, p. 239.

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tant, but was subsequently destroyed,—many are the libraries which the Mohammedan rulers and the Christian Kings of Spain consigned to the flames,—is most probable. Not only the two Romances mentioned prove this, but the fragments of *The Nights* that came down from one generation to another became a part of the folklore of that country and finally found their way again into the pages of many a poet and romancer.

Even Washington Irving, in *The Alhambra,* gives us a few of these legends which bear the *cachét* of *The Nights,* faded in places, to be sure, through the corrosive process of many successive translations. But the reader can readily recognise the unmistakable Eastern character of such stories in *The Alhambra* as The Legend of the Beautiful Princess, The Two Discreet Statues, The Arabian Astrologer, and notably among them Ahmed el-Kamel, which is the analogue of Prince Ahmed of *The Nights.*

II

With these brief remarks on the remote and shadowy vestiges of the first appearance of this Arabic classic in Italy and Spain, let us consider what is popularly known as the first regular translation of it into a European language. And in speaking of this, we must also note what seems to be inseparable from it in the life of the translator. Antoine Galland, Orientalist, antiquarian, numismatologist, *littérateur,* was born of comparatively humble parents in Rollot, Picardy, where, after a brief schooling, he was apprenticed to a trade. But his early bookishness interfered with his work; his master was severe; and the inner voice—he felt he was made for letters—called him away. Secretly he made his Paris, where his talents attracted the attention of some influential people, among them a doctor of the Sorbonne. Thus he was enabled to pursue his studies at different institutions, and finally at the Ecole Mazarin. He was then appointed attaché-secretary to M. de Nointel, Ambassador of France at Constantinople. His special province, however, was the study of the doctrines of Orthodox Christianity, which were at that time the cause of lively disputes among French Catholics. But in this religious mission he nursed his dream, his task of love. He frequented the cafés of Constantinople rather than the churches; heard the professional story-tellers; studied the superstitions, the customs, the manners of the people; and travelled with M. de Nointel through the Levant and Syria. Twice after that he visited the East, once on a numismatic mission, and the last time with the purpose of making purchases for the Library and Museum of Colbert.

But the wonderful tales, about which he had read, and some of which he heard the *rawys* recite, these, or the manuscripts of these, were always the supreme object of his quest. Aye, and he almost lost his life in the search. For Smyrna, when he was there, was shaken and almost totally ruined by an earthquake, and the French savant was buried in the debris of his kitchen—from which, however, he was taken out alive. The amulet of his task of love, *The Nights,* must have saved him. Trebutien also tells us that Baron von Hammer once escaped drowning by the blessings of *The Nights.* What adventures, what mischances, what narrow escapes these knight-errants of romance had had, who went into and beyond the seven seas in search of literary treasures! Galland was partly rewarded, however, not for the work which was destined to fame, but for the labours, numismatic and other such, which are now forgotten. He was made Antiquary to the King in 1701, and later elected member of the Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres.

His translation of *The Nights* is a paraphrase abridged and amplified in places, and titivated withal to suit the taste of the French public. It is written in an easy and vivacious style, bearing but a shadow of the Arabic. The first volume appeared in 1704, and most of the stories were taken, after the fashion of the Original, from the mouth of an Eastern *rawy,* whose name we find in Galland's Diary. Hanna Diab, a Maronite of Aleppo, was brought to Paris by Paul Lucas the traveller, and he related to Galland various tales,* which he gave him

*Among these were Bābā Abdullah, Sidi No'man, The Enchanted Horse, The Two Jealous Sisters, Prince Ahmed, and The Ten Vizirs.

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ANTOINE GALLAND, WHO FIRST INTRODUCED "THE ARABIAN NIGHTS" INTO EUROPE

afterward in writing. That is probably why the numismatologist was stigmatised a forger when his translation appeared. But he had brought together some stray manuscripts which he had collected while sojourning in the East, as a basis of defence. Whether as such they served him in his lifetime is hard to say. But the fate of these wandering children of the poor Oriental scrivener is sometimes pathetic. The manuscript of "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves," for instance, which for a long time remained unidentified, and which puzzled even Burton, was recently found, not in the entombed debris of that kitchen in Smyrna, but right across the Channel in the Bodleian Library. Professor Duncan Macdonald, himself a trusty knight-errant of *The Nights,* who had adventured forth in Syria and Egypt in quest of manuscripts, finally made this find at Oxford! And this manuscript, bought by the Bodleian in 1860 from a certain A. Franck, Libraire, Paris, is in all probabilities the very one from which Galland made his translation. It is written by a Syrian Christian too, perhaps the one mentioned in his Diary as the "Maronite of Damascus."

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Galland's version of *The Nights,* as has been said, is a paraphrase; the stanzas and poetic quotations in the Original he omitted, because they interfered with the narration. And how could a French reader suffer this? Even the formula,—"O my Sister, an thou be not asleep, tell us one of thy pleasant stories"—which he first retained, was subtly ridiculed. For one cold night Monsieur Galland looked out of his window in response to a call from the street, and lo, a number of his readers were come there to beg of him, if he be not asleep, to tell them one of his pleasant stories. That was the death blow to the famous formula, which later, however, was revived by Burton.

In the dedication to the first volume, Galland says that he could not find a printed copy of *The Nights* in Syria—nor anywhere else, had he tried. For not until a century later did the three regular Arabic editions appear.* They were published about the same time in three different countries — in India, Egypt, and Europe. His version, however, which was translated into many languages,—in England it reached its tenth edition before any attempt was made at a direct translation,—seemed to satisfy the European public. But the French critics little appreciated the Tales; they were too remote, too fantastic for the literary taste of the period. Burton, too, from his own view-point, criticises Galland's translation; and Payne finds little in it to praise. His Jinn talk like the *boulevardiers;* his women chatter like courtesans; and the absolutely French manner of the ending is quite amusing. King Shahriar, bored by the last story of Shahrazad's, orders her head cut off; but she produces her three children, pleads for them, and is pardoned. In spite of all this, Galland had a host of imitators, and his work brought with it what De Sacy terms *"une prodigieuse importation de marchandise de contrabande."* Europe was deluged with picaresque literature.

That was Galland's success—or should one say his failure? He died, however, content, bequeathing his manuscripts to the Bibliothèque du Roi, his Numismatic Dictionary to the Académie, and his *Koran,* which he also translated from the Arabic, to the Abbé Bignon. Had this been done by Voltaire, who dismisses Galland with a few cold lines in his *Siècle de Louis XIV,* we might have suspected him of satirising with a gift the Institutions of France. But Galland, a scientist of the good old school, which, alas! is now extinct, really meant well. And if his translation did not bear the Oriental *cachet,* his generosity did.

His successors who completed his work, Gautier, Caussin de Perceval, and Trebutien, followed in his path. Nay, they even went a step further in the production of a smoothly mannerised and totally Frenchified picture of *The Nights.* And not until Mardrus accomplished his translation, which he offered *"toute nue, vierge, intacte, naïve,"* for his own delight and the pleasure of his friends, could France boast of a literal and complete version of the *Arabian Nights.* But even in this literal version of Mardrus, which is made from the Boulak Edition, we have in the literality, the supposed mould of the antique and fantastic, the unmistakable atmosphere of Paris, crystallising here and there into an anachronism which throws the whole scene out of focus. No; this modern visioning of things, this subtle shadowing of the French mind, is as alien to Arabic as the archaicism of Biblical English.

(To be concluded)

*It may surprise the reader to know that in the East, even to-day, we have not a decent complete edition of *The Nights.* The three different editions referred to, miserable recensions, miserably printed, are as follows:

The Macnaughten Edition, published in Calcutta, 1836, from a manuscript bought in England and brought to India by Major Macan, can scarcely be found outside a public library. Which is a blessing.

The Breslau Edition, published 1825-1839, by Habicht and Fleischer, is not worth the space it occupies on the library shelf.

The Boulak Edition, printed in Cairo, 1835, considered the one standard complete, but vulgarised, text of *The Nights,* is a sore to the eye.

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THE MIRROR

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

Now all that I have seen, winter-white and summer-green—
(Mark! This I learned in three score years and ten)
These things will come again
As sure as summer rain,
And, as the dying daylight, go again.

I peeped into my mirror when Spring was on my head:
"Oh lovely Spring," I said, "you are not I."
And the face of a little child
That greeted me and smiled—
It faded like the violets that die.

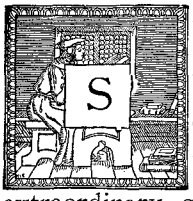
And when I was a woman my face was Summer's own
(I know because I saw it in the glass),
But I said, "The thing I see
Is nothing like to me,"
And it changed and withered like the ripening grass.

Before my fire-lit pane I sit and see the winter drifts;
My mirrored hair is bleak and white as they.
And my face upon the glass
As melting snow doth pass:
To-morrow, and my ghost will be away.

But I'm spring and summer-time, fallen leaf and winter rime,
My body is the meadow and the sea;
Yonder mountain is my breast,
With the forest I am dressed—
And the Sun and Moon hold up my glass for me.

"GEMS OF GENIUS"

BY EDNA KENTON



AYS George Bernard Shaw in his preface to *Man and Superman:* "I am sorry to say it is a common practice with romancers to announce their hero as a man of extraordinary genius and to leave his works entirely to the reader's imagination, so that at the end of the book you whisper to yourself ruefully that but for the author's solemn preliminary assurance you should hardly have given the gentleman credit for ordinary good sense. You cannot accuse me of this pitiable barrenness, this feeble evasion. I not only tell you that my hero wrote a revolutionists' handbook: I give you the handbook at full length for your edification if you care to read it."

Indeed Shaw does give the world the handbook, unexpurgated and unafraid, and—he may thank his fates for this!—it bears out, as most excerpts from the works of geniuses in fiction do not bear out, the preliminary touting of the extraordinary talents of his Don Juan. Ordinarily a novelist, furnishing forth

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samples of his hero's genius, must go forth triple-armed in his own conceit, or be endowed with the humour of the gods who laugh at their own creations. Now and then—vide G. B. S. with his handbook, and several other authors to be mentioned later—the devoted novelist does succeed in forcing himself to immolate his own great lines upon the altar of his hero's greatness. More often he fails, either pitifully or ridiculously, when he steps out of the Shaw-condemned "atmosphere" into tinkling reality.

Kipling was capable of this sacrifice of his own work to his hero's devouring genius when, in "To Be Filed for Reference," he heads the tale with some stanzas "From the Unpublished Papers of McIntosh Jellaludin," that rank among the very finest of Kiplin's verse—that Song of the Stone that begins:

By the hoof of the Wild Goat uptossed
From the Cliff where She lay in the Sun,
Fell the Stone
To the Tarn where the daylight is lost;
So She fell from the light of the Sun,
And alone.

The rest of the Book of Mother Maturin is left to the projecting influence of atmosphere and allusion, that book written by the former Oxonian, the drunken loafer, and undoubted ex-convict, whose proudest boast was that he "had his hand on the pulse of native life."

In "The Finest Story in the World," Kipling put into it some blank verse written by Charlie Mears the bank clerk, that avatar-driven youth who was seemingly possessed of a number of incarnations into which he could retreat. Every one remembers the way Charlie's "blank verse" begins:

We pulled for you when the wind was against us and the sails were low.
Will you never let us go?
* * * * *
We fainted with our chins on the oars and you did not see that were idle for we still swung to and fro.
Will you never let us go?

Much later, after Charlie Mears has fallen in love, and, according to Grish Chundar, the gates of the Lords of Life and Death were shutting behind him, he brought to his Mentor a love poem that Kipling seems to feel is bad indeed. "Charlie, discarding his favourite centipede metres, had launched into shorter and choppier verse." Most of us recall that youthful poem, which is not half bad, with its glorified refrains:

Red cloud of the sunset, tell it abroad;
I am victor. Greet me, O Sun,
Dominant master and absolute lord
Over the soul of one!

In *Pendennis,* Arthur's first glittering attempt at verse is set forth in its entirety, that poem, "At the Church Gate" that, published by the eminent Mr. Bacon in his gilt *Spring Annual,* won for Pen his place as reviewer and literary contributor. Charlie Mears's love rhapsody ranks high in comparison, for while Thackeray succeeded, Kipling failed in making his sentimental youngster's poetry bad enough. Young Pendennis's very bad poem starts off after this manner:

Although I enter not,
Yet round about the spot
Ofttimes I hover.
And at the sacred gate,
With longing eyes I wait,
Expectant of her.

The Minster bell tolls out
Above the city's rout
And noise and humming:
They've hushed the Minster bell,
The organ 'gins to swell—
She's coming, she's coming!

Peter Homunculus, by Gilbert Cannan, is a recent study of adolescent genius whose author, after what may be held to be due deliberation, decides to set down the following doggerel as a specimen of what his young hero can produce under the strain and presence of death. "Death" runs as follows:

Coffin board!
Poor, pale corse!
Grave shall hoard
Love's remorse.

Let me win
Happiness,
Lay me in
Sad cypress.

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Love the foe
Aids to death,
Ache of woe,
Sting of breath.

Death the friend
Comes too soon.
Makes the end
Sweet atune!

This is very, very bad, but hardly worse than his love poem: "He would come quivering to the pen and never read what he had written before he sent it to her." The somewhat imitatively Waltesque verses—some of them—are these:

Ride in the air, winged horses, ride with me,
Soul leaping to the sun.
Swim in kind waters, Me in grey green arms of the sea.
Learn all the spaciousness of Earth's humility,
Resolving two in one.

In *Trilby,* when the three Englishmen made their pilgrimage, years after, to the studio where Little Billee's old black and white and red chalk sketch of Trilby's left foot lay upon the wall, they found it, under a square of plate glass; over it was written "Souvenir de la Grande Trilby par W. B. (Litrebili)," and beneath it, that little dash of French art in verse, ascribed to no one in particular, that runs:

Pauvre Trilby—la belle et bonne et chère!
Je suis son pied. Devine qui voudra
Quel tendre ami, la cherissant naguère,
Encadra d'elle (et d'un amour sincère)
Ce souvenir charmant qu'un caprice inspira—
Qu'un souffle emportera!

And so, through all the rest of what Taffy called "a characteristic little French doggerel—a touching little symphony in ère and ra!"

Peter Ibbetson tried to write and to draw, and evolved an epitaph: "Je n'etais point. Je fus. Je ne suis plus." He wished to perish in some noble cause—and came one night upon a burning house that cried aloud for some brave man to rush in and rouse the inmates. The house turned out to be empty and the brave man was found, but it was not Peter. Then he slunk home and committed to flames a poem he had written, without the slightest sense either of humour or irreverence, called "Der Tod als Freund." Here is a part of that adolescent rhyming of Peter's:

F, i, fi—n, i, ni!
Bon Dieu Père, j'ai fini—
Vous qui m'avez tant puni,
Dans ma triste vie,
Pour tant d'horribles forfaits
Que je ne commis jamais,
Laissez-moi jouir en paix
De mon agonie!

Peter does another poem, a little ballade in English, modelled on an old French chime, the words supposed to be sung by a mediæval prisoner who cannot sleep, and who, to beguile the tediousness of insomnia, sets any words that come into his head to the tune of the chime that marks the hours from a neighbouring belfry. The poem is too long to quote, but it is touching, delightful, and serves its purpose in the scheme of *Peter Ibbetson.*

In *Lost Illusions,* Lucien reads aloud sonnet after sonnet from *Les Marguerites,* his collection of poems. And at the end he sings his drinking song, one of ten composed for two hundred francs beside Coralie's dead body that he might have money wherewith to bury her. As all the world knows, these sonnets were given to Balzac variously by Madame de Girardin, Théophile Gautier, and Lassailly—Balzac himself not being able to do justice to his hero's merits as a poet!

A long time ago, Mary Cholmondeley published a tale called *Red Pottage* that created a good sized stir because of its story of two men and how they met and fought with their honour, both personal and as it involved a woman's—good old phrase! But there was another story in the book, of Hester Gresley, a genius at fiction, and her rector brother with whom she made her home. Hester had written *An Idyl of East London,* and went from home leaving her completed manuscript, *Husks,* behind her. This her brother sought one day, and, finding, read. Sentences from its pages are given it—it was an iconoclastic novel. "He was young enough to know better!"—Mr. Gresley frowned over this, and then, smiling fatly, substituted "old," as the correction

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for Hester's carelessness. There was one odious character in the book who persisted in saying such things as: "I keep a smaller spiritual establishment than I did. I have dismissed that old friend of my childhood, the devil. I really had no further use for him."

Mr. Gresley read this passage also: "When we look back at what we were seven years ago, five years ago, and perceive the difference in ourselves, a difference amounting almost to change of identity; when we look back and see in how many characters we have lived and loved and suffered and died before we reached the character that momentarily clothes us and from which our soul is struggling out to clothe itself anew; when we feel how the sympathy even of those who love us best is always with our last expression—never with our present feeling, always with the last dead self on which our climbing feet are set——" Mr. Gresley here substituted "ladder" for "dead self," and pronounced it all "hopelessly confused." "Of course I see what she means," he says. "The different stages of life, the infant, the boy, the man, but hardly any one else will understand it."

These passages chosen by the author to show forth Hester's book serve, of course, to point the rector's mental and moral self rather than Hester's genius—perhaps they seem of better stuff that way! And they certainly serve their ultimate end, of making the tragedy of the slaughter of the book a terrible thing, when Mr. Gresley in his high calling to serve Morality burns the work of Hester's maturity.

In *Bel-Ami* Maupassant has his jibe at Georges Duroy when that young blackguard essayed his journalistic career. He was to write "Souvenirs d'un Chasseur d'Afrique," for Walters' journal, and, glib talker that he was in seeking the assignment, he fell into a blue funk when he first faced white paper, pen in hand. Not an idea remained. At first he wrote: "It was in 1874, about the middle of May, when France, exhausted, was resting after the catastrophes of the terrible year——" But that was not satisfactory, and he tore up that sheet and began again: "Algiers is a white city." A long pause, a violent effort of his mind, and he added, "It is partly inhabited by Arabs." Then he threw down his pen and decided to call upon Madame Forestier.

"In the first place," said that clever lady, "we will imagine you are narrating your experiences to a friend, which will allow you to write a lot of tomfoolery, to make remarks of all kinds, to be natural and funny if you can." She began. "My dear Henry: You wish to know what Algiers is like and you shall." She questioned Duroy on Africa's topography, and dictated a little chapter of political and colonial geography. She investigated a chance remark of his about the province of Oran, a fantastic trip in which it was above all else, a question of women, Moorish, Jewish, and Spanish. "That is what interests most," said the lady. She wound up by a sojourn at Saïda, with an intrigue between Duroy and a Spanish girl at the alfa factory at Aïn el Hadjar. She described their rendezvous at night in the bare stony hills, with jackals and hyenas howling among the rocks. She added gleefully: "To be continued," and rising, said, "That is how one writes an article, my dear sir. Sign it, if you please!"

James Huneker always has plenty of fun with his pet brand of geniuses. In "The Rim of Finer Issues," a tale in *Melomaniacs,* for Mrs. Vibert, who is convinced that the novel is overdone, that the short story ended with Maupassant, that the sonata form is dead and that Chopin sensed the new form in his Preludes, there remains nothing but the compression of the short story within a page, a distillation at once of a moment and an eternity! She remarks: "I've attempted to tell the biological history of the cosmos in a single page—I begin with the unicellular protozoa and finally reach humanity; I trace a germ cell from eternity until the now." She called it "Frustrate," and it begins as follows:

O the misty plaint of the Unconceived! O crystal incuriousness of the monad! The faint swarming toward the light and the rending of the sphere of hope, frustrate, inutile! I am the seed called Life; I am he, I am she. We walk, swim, totter and blend. Through

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the ages I lay in the vast basin of time; I am called by Fate into the Now.

—And-so-forth-and-so-forth - and - so-forth—in the terminology of the rehearsal hour! But the single page stretches to two.

In another tale Mrs. Vibert writes: "The Zone of the Shadow," which her genius-(and divorced) husband feels is fine enough to inspire a great symphonic poem—and at his concert she hears it, with the "Argument" ascribed to her. It is too much like the beginning of "Frustrate," which is like the end of both, to quote from here.

In "The Corridor of Time," another of Huneker's tales, George Cintras is the great word-poet, enamoured of the English language "which he emptied into his eyes from Chaucer to Stevenson." He repeats for a group of Philistines his "The Recurring Staircase," full of "heavy, mullioned embrasures," "multi-coloured glass shot through with drunken, despairing daylight," "the melodious adagio of her footsteps,"—and most of these phrases *da capo!* His prose poems of "The Mirror of Unfaith" and "Ineluctable" are quoted in full! He was a man with a cruel break in his life, and he was at work on a masterpiece; finally:

> Cintras died. Among his effects was found a bulky mass of manuscript; almost trembling with joy and anticipation Berkley carried the treasure to Merville's room. On the title page was read, "The Corridor of Time: A novel by George Cintras." Frantic with curiosity the friends found on the next page the following lines: "And the insistent clamour of her name at my heart is like the sonorous roll of the sea on a savage shore." The other pages were virginal of ink.

The latest genius to infest the pages of fiction is Upton Sinclair's Thyrsis, who, against a background of samples of his trade, stands forth in "Love's Pilgrimage," taking himself and his work no more seriously than his creator—or his prototype. Thyrsis had known for years that he was not as other men! He shrank from using the word because it had been desecrated by a world of men, but the word was Genius! "I walk down an avenue," he said by way of citation, "and see the lines of saloons with their gleaming lights and there came a phrase to me that I wanted to cry out to the people—'The graveyards of your genius! The graveyards of your genius!'" And simple Corydon, gazing at his uplifted face, said, "That is how Jesus must have felt when He wept over Jerusalem!"

Thyrsis wrote his poem, "Caradrion," of which the reader is given four running pages, which editors praised but did not publish. It is quite true that editors do not publish a great deal of poetry that they justly praise, but this is a good example of juvenile trash. He plotted out his play, *The Genius,* a wonderful play, and the scenario is hurled at us—the curtain of the second act falls upon the young violinist in a rage that is perhaps like the wrath of Jehovah when he gazed on his recalcitrant people of the Old Testament, smashing his three thousand dollar Cremona upon the head of his concert manager! The last act is played in the consumptive environment of *Camille,* with the leading lady playing a few bars of that sonata of Beethoven's "which some music publisher has cruelly misnamed the 'Moonlight'!" After a long silence the dying man communes with his muse. A light suffuses the room, and he whispers, "Take thine own time, for the seeds of thy glories are planted in the hearts of men!" Curtain! This play was produced as it stood—the only touch of realism about this part of the book is that the play was a complete failure.

Thyrsis got another idea for a book to be called *Art and Money.* Late one night, as he sat pondering, its form came crashing out of the void into his brain! It should be the story of his life, the cry of his soul. "There had come to him an introductory statement; it was a smashing thing—a thing that would arrest and stun! 'I who write this,' he would say—'I am a failure; I am a murdered artist! I sit by the corpse of my dead dreams, I dip my pen into the heart's blood of my strangled vision!' So he would indite the forces that had murdered him, and through the rest of the book he would pursue them—he would track them to their lair, and cor-

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ner them and slay them with a sharp sword!"

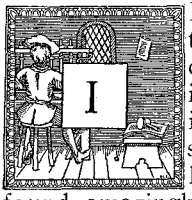
To remark that all this is blood-kin to penny-thrillerdom is banality.

The effect of genius may be achieved in two ways, one by open proof, the other by reserve as great as the thing itself, and both methods are hideously hard. John Galsworthy attained by the first rule when, in *Fraternity*, he made Sylvanus Stone's "Universal Brotherhood" as great as the old man, gaunt and terrible, prayed it might be when he cried: "O Great Universe, I am an old man, with no singleness of purpose. Help me to write on—help me to write a book such as the world has never seen!" But "Universal Brotherhood" will not be quoted from here.

And Barrie chose the other method in *Sentimental Tommy* when he made the boy hand in a blank paper at the end of the examination hour because the right adjective had not presented itself, and he would not substitute. And again, when Tommy, writing the letter for the illiterate servant girl, refrained from using a joyous phrase, because the girl would not have used it. To his old schoolmaster, hushed and proud, this was divine proof of Tommy's coming greatness and his congenital artistry.

LITERARY TREASURES OF THE HUMBLE

BY FRANCIS ARNOLD COLLINS



IN the cosmopolitan sections of large American cities, where the varied ingredients of the melting pot are actually seething, the market for literary wares will be found amazingly active. Here are the veritable literary treasures of the humble. The question of literary supply and demand is reduced to its simplest terms. The picturesque life of teeming thoroughfares centres about the crowded sidewalk markets. Commodities of every description are displayed for sale on continuous lines of push carts, flanked by rows of booths and stalls, forming narrow lanes, where the crowd strains through itself. By night the perambulating markets are illuminated by flaring gas jets above the carts, an endless vista, suggesting some monstrous torchlight parade suddenly halted.

Nowhere else are literary wares so urgently thrust upon one. The passer-by is importuned to buy, in many different languages. The books of several literatures are displayed on every hand. Few of these merchants can afford shops, however small. At some points the literary vender will take advantage of an inequality in the house line to install a few narrow shelves, perhaps a counter. Others seize upon the narrow triangular space beneath the fire-escapes to set up shop. There are a score of similar expressions of ingenuity.

But it is the circulating push-cart library, so obviously suited to local conditions, which enjoys the larger share of popularity. Here an entire library is displayed at a glance. From long experience, again, the literary huckster has learned to jockey his cart amid the crush of competitors to catch a market, so that he who runs may read. A walk of a few blocks will enable one to purchase books in Russian, Hebrew, Slavonic, German, French, Italian, Swedish and other languages less familiar. Nowhere else will you find such a babel of nations so closely grouped.

The books in a score of tongues which have once been cherished in libraries or displayed in prosperous book shops gradually gravitate to the push-cart market. The prices are often pathetically small. Bargains are offered at from a penny to

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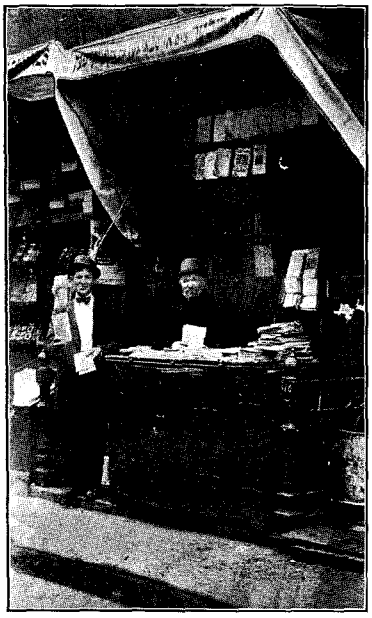
THE FRANK COMMERCIALISM OF THE LITERARY HUCKSTER COMES AS A SHOCK TO THE BOOK LOVER. ON THESE BUSY THOROUGHFARES, HOWEVER, CUSTOMERS MAY ONLY BE ATTRACTED BY LOUD AND REITERATED ARGUMENTS. THE BOOK VENDER ANNOUNCES HIS WARES IN THE MOST EXTRAVAGANT TERMS.



FEW OF THE BOOK VENDERS HAVE A FIXED HABITATION. THE MORE PRETENTIOUS BOOK SHOPS, OR RATHER BOOTHS, MAY CARRY A STOCK OF TWO HUNDRED OR THREE HUNDRED VOLUMES. BY ENCROACHING ON THE SIDEWALKS FAR BEYOND ALL RESTRICTIONS SPACE IS FOUND FOR A NARROW COUNTER, WHICH FORCES THE DISPLAY UPON THE ATTENTION OF THE PASSERBY. AT NIGHT THE SHELVES ARE COVERED WITH SHUTTERS.

THE ACUTE ANGLE FORMED BY THE NARROW IRON STEPS OF FIRE ESCAPES FORMS A CONVENIENT SHELTER FOR THESE SIDEWALK MERCHANTS. A FEW ODDS AND ENDS OF OLD SHUTTERS AND DOORS ARE OFTEN FITTED RUDELY TOGETHER TO FORM A CRUDE "LEAN TO," THE ROOF BEING WEATHER-PROOFED WITH BITS OF CANVAS. EVERY EXPOSED SURFACE IS THEN UTILISED FOR DISPLAY. EVEN THE OPEN TRIANGLE IS STRUNG WITH WIRES, ON WHICH MAGAZINES AND PAMPHLETS ARE HUNG TO INVITE ATTENTION.

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A FEW OF THESE VENDERS ARE SPECIALISTS IN A HUMBLE WAY. AN ATTRACTIVE DISPLAY MAY BE MADE, FOR INSTANCE, OF PAPER-BOUND BOOKS, PAMPHLETS OR MAGAZINES. TO INCREASE THE DISPLAY THE BACK OF THE CART IS AT TIMES BUILT UP AS HIGH AS THE LAWS OF EQUILIBRIUM WILL PERMIT, AND COVERED WITH BOOKS, THE LIGHT PAPER EDITIONS ALLOWING A MUCH HIGHER BACK THAN IN THE CASE OF HEAVIER VOLUMES. TO BALANCE THESE CARTS ONE OR MORE PAVING STONES ARE THEN PLACED AT THE FRONT OF THE COUNTER AGAINST POSSIBLE ACCIDENT.

EVEN THE RESTRICTED RECTANGLE OF THE PUSH-CART COUNTER OFFERS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR BUSINESS INGENUITY AND ENTERPRISE. THE DEPARTMENT STORE IN EMBRYO, WITH A SIDE LINE OF BOOKS, SEEMS TO ENJOY GREAT SUCCESS. THE BOOKS OFTEN APPEAR IN THE MOST INCONGRUOUS COMPANY IMAGINABLE, WEDGED IN BETWEEN HARDWARE, MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, DISHES AND WEARING APPAREL. ONE PARTICULARLY ENTERPRISING MERCHANT ATTRACTS CUSTOMERS BY THE ENDLESS PERFORMANCE OF A METALLIC PHONOGRAPH.

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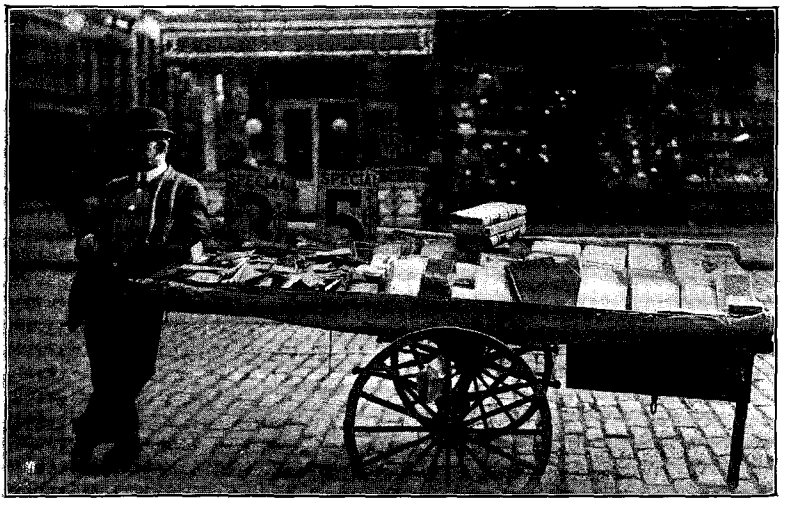
THE PUSH-CART LIBRARY MIGHT HAVE BEEN ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE DISPLAY AND SALE OF SCHOOL BOOKS, SO ADMIRABLY DOES IT SERVE THIS PURPOSE. THE STOCK AT SUCH TIMES IS MORE READILY ACCESSIBLE AND PERMITS MUCH MORE MINUTE INSPECTION THAN IN ANY BOOK SHOP. THE VENDER IS ALSO ENABLED TO OCCUPY AN ADVANTAGEOUS POSITION BEFORE THE SCHOOL ENTRANCES AT *THE PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT*, *WITHOUT BEING LONG ABSENT* FROM HIS TRADE ON THE THOROUGHFARES WHICH ARE CONTINUALLY CROWDED.



THE PUSH-CART MARKET, WHETHER OFFERING LITERATURE OR SOME MODEST ARTICLES OF MERCHANDISE, APPEARS TO BE A VERY UNSTABLE SORT OF MERCANTILE ENTERPRISE. TO THE MOST CARELESS OBSERVER THESE COUNTERS ARE VERY PRECARIOUSLY BALANCED. A THOUGHTLESS CUSTOMER BY SHIFTING HIS WEIGHT MAY PRECIPITATE THE ENTIRE STOCK AT ANY INSTANT INTO THE GUTTER. CONSIDERABLE SKILL IS OBVIOUSLY REQUIRED, NOT ALONE TO DISPLAY THE WARES ATTRACTIVELY, BUT TO MAINTAIN AN EVEN KEEL, AS IT WERE, AND BALANCE THE HEAVY LOAD ON THE FULCRUM OF THE WHEELS.

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THE LITERARY HUCKSTER IS THE MOST ACCOMMODATING OF MERCHANTS. FROM THE NATURE OF HIS SHOP AND ITS MANNER OF DISPLAY IT IS OBVIOUSLY NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS. HE INVITES AN INSPECTION OF HIS WARES, AND THE POSSIBLE CUSTOMER WHO PAUSES BEFORE THE PUSH-CART FEELS UNDER NO OBLIGATION TO BUY, AS HE MIGHT ON ENTERING A SHOP, SINCE THE BOOKS, BEING AS A RULE OBVIOUSLY SECOND OR MULTIPLE HANDED, AN EXAMINATION IS LITTLE LIKELY TO INJURE THEM.

NOT ALL THE WARES DISPLAYED FOR SALE ON THE PUSH-CART LIBRARIES ARE SECOND OR MULTIPLE HANDED. ON SOME OF THE MOST PROSPEROUS OF THESE MOVABLE COUNTERS WILL BE FOUND BOOKS PRICED AS HIGH AS HALF A DOLLAR. THE STOCK CONSISTS ALMOST INVARIABLY OF BOOKS OF REFERENCE, MAINLY DICTIONARIES, WORKS OF FICTION OF A POPULAR NATURE, WITH ILLUSTRATED BOOKS INTENDED FOR CHILDREN AND OCCASIONALLY BOOKS OF VERSE. THESE WILL OFTEN BE FOUND CAREFULLY ARRANGED AND IN EXCELLENT CONDITION.

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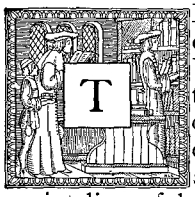
five cents, while ten cents will often enable the purchaser to make a selection of the entire stock. The valuation is in some cases proportioned to the physical bulk of the volume, so that a dictionary, for instance, which has cost actual physical effort to trundle from street to street, is naturally more highly valued than any mere classic. Upon some of these push carts, however, you will find new books, or at least volumes carefully preserved, of a serious nature.

The vision of the push-cart library incidentally may well rise as a nightmare for the aspiring author. The saddest tragedy of literary hopes, according to Balzac, was the appearance of a poet's volumes on the book stalls of the Seine, neglected of men and bespattered by the mud of passing carriages. A more commercial age has, however, conceived a new torture of disappointment. What humiliation lies in the picture of this sordid perambulating market of the literary arts and graces, admonished by the raucous voice of the police to "move on" and "step lively," driven from gutter to gutter, perhaps escaping ignominiously down some side street from actual reprisal. Compared with such a fate, the actual dissolution of unhappy editions and their reappearance as paper boxes seems a decent literary interment.

THE STORY OF THE TILE CLUB

BY LOUIS BAURY

I



THE gate gave directly off the pavement of West Tenth Street, in the heart of New York's old artistic quarter. It crouched down inconspicuously amid that quaint line of houses whose façades are "a perfect luxury of curly iron railings, wriggling up the front steps, masking the areas, and loading the balconies with spiky black flowers," while its diffidence was further accentuated by the modest number 58½ which it bore. On Wednesday evenings, three decades ago, this gate would swing back in answer to a peculiar ring and admit the applicant down a brief flight of stone steps into a mysteriously black subterranean passage, through which he would grope his way cautiously, keeping close to the clammy walls to avoid little pools that the dripping ceiling formed. Then suddenly he would be tumbled down a second flight of steps into a tiny, geranium-jewelled garden. Recovering from the abruptness of his entry, he would spring up a wooden staircase on the far side, where the ascent was rendered less perilous by the illumination of a single rusted lantern which had done duty for periwigged travellers in posting days. A moment later and he would be doffing his coat in a vast, low-ceilinged room, while a chorus of four or five jovial voices bid him welcome.

"What's the news?" he would inquire of every one in general. "Been working so hard I've hardly seen a soul since last meeting."

"You haven't heard the news?" a deep voice would cry in shocked accents. "Your extreme ignorance of important public events appalls me. Know then that I have sold a picture."

"That's not news, man: That's scandal." And a laugh, ever waiting in this room for any sort of pleasantry, would run the rounds, the deep voice joining in more heartily than any.

It was a charming, cozy, restful room, this. Time was when it had been three rooms, but now all dividing doors and partitions had been eliminated so that the result was one huge, catholic, L-shaped interior with two windows at the front and three at the rear. These windows were masked by close drawn hangings of dull red, harmonising in perfect goodfellowship with the dark wainscoting

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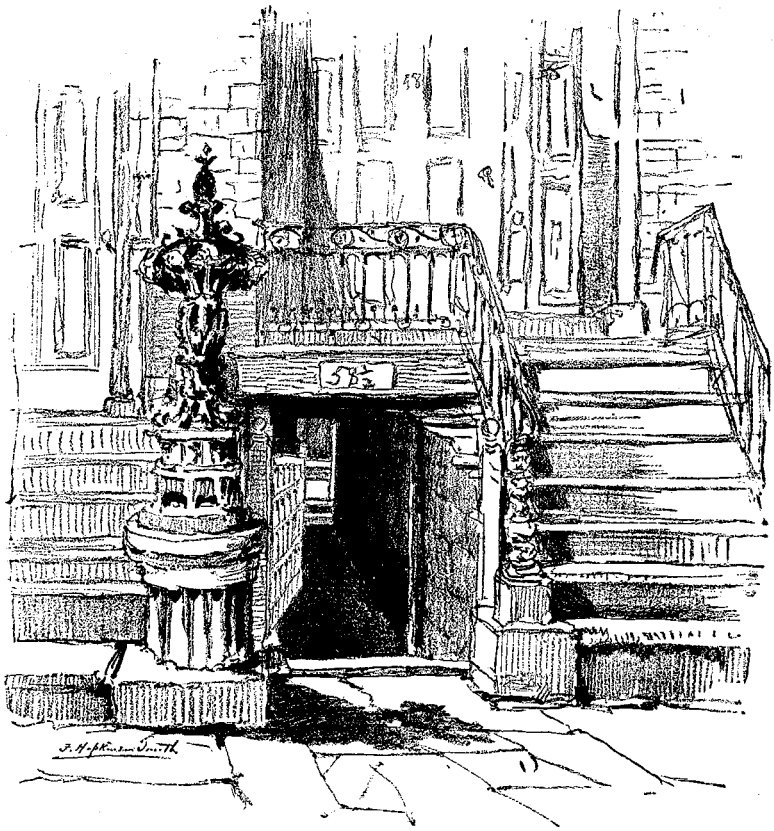

THE OLD PASSAGEWAY. THIS WAS THE SCENE OF THE COLONEL'S REVOLVER PRACTICE WHEN PREPARING FOR HIS DUEL WITH KLUTCHEM. F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S "COLONEL CARTER OF CARTERSVILLE."

which ran half way to the smoke-misted ceiling and was so largely provocative of that air of solidity, comfort, and untrammelled friendship which was the prevailing spirit of the apartment. A pair of fireplaces still further enhanced this air —the one an "old-fashioned English grate set into the chimney with wide hobs —convenient and necessary for various brews and mixtures," the other an open wood affair in which now corpulent hickory logs crackled and laughed. In one corner sprawled a baby grand piano, while all about were easy-chairs, divans, and such irresistible paraphernalia of indolence. The light, glinting on discriminately selected etchings, sketches, and oils which adorned the walls above the panelling, and lighting up a seemingly endless collection of those sturdy pewter tankards which do so much toward explaining the solidity of the British race, came from candles set in glistening silver candelabra. The rugs, the bits of ancient armour, the bric-à-brac, and subtler touches of ornamentation which phrase a room and impart charm and character had been gathered from the four corners of the earth by men who were artists—who possessed the love for harmony and contour, for gracious lines and delicate fabrics which marks the sensitive temperament. Yet comfort had nowhere been slighted for beauty. On the mantle above the grate was a row of bottles; on the hearth below stood a pile of India blue dishes, giving as they warmed a hint of what was to follow—a hint strengthened now by vagrant aromas from below of sizzling duck, of kidney and sausage.

Presently would come a clatter on the

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THE FIREPLACE OF THE TILE CLUB

slender wooden stairway without, and two new arrivals would burst into the room, to be greeted loudly in turn and in turn to find their way to chairs. A few moments, and a delegation of four would put in an appearance—then would follow another couple—after them a trio—a lull, and another lone arrival would come—then still another pair. Within half an hour the room would be filled with a collection of genial, shouting men. The cries of welcome would become more vociferous at each entry. Corks would pop and pop as the pewter tankards were made to fulfil that destiny for which they had been shaped. Pipes would be produced and long blue veins of smoke sent spurting ceilingward to curdle in and out among one another and hang in tremulous, vapour-like clouds. Talk would become general. Jest and banter would fill the air and laughter ring out supreme. Suddenly a sable-hued attendant would push his way in, bearing the steaming duck. A roar that made the windows to rattle would be his portion. Some one would cry for frying-pan, onions, and herbs that he might demonstrate a recipe lately acquired. Plates would be whisked from hearth to centre-table. Chairs would be drawn close around. Far off across the darkness outside a tower clock would intone eight. But no one would hear; knives and forks would be rattling, culinary advice shouted on every hand, all the boisterous, hearty chatter of the atelier filling the air. . . .

Thus was the Tile Club convened.

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UNDER THE TOWERS. BY F. HOPKINSON SMITH

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II

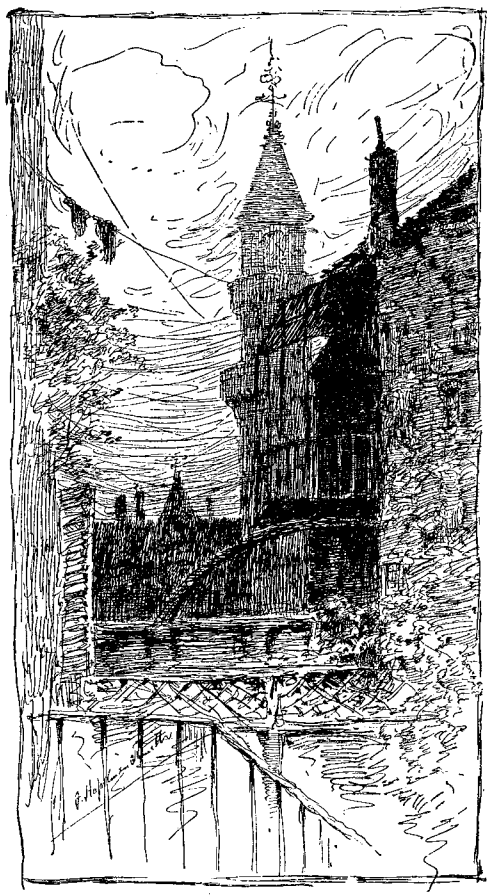
As an organisation the Tile Club stands unique in the annals of artistic life in America. It was at once the expression and the flower of the epoch in which it flourished. Singularly enough, its origin was more or less in the nature of a happenstance. One afternoon during the autumn of 1877 a little group of painters, among whom were F. Hopkinson Smith, Edwin A. Abbey, Swain Gifford, W. R. O'Donovan, J. H. Twachtman and Elihu Vedder, had gathered in the studio of Napoleon Sarony above Duncan's grocery store, which then stood at the juncture of Broadway and Fourteenth Street. At that time the influences of William Morris and Alma-Tadema were just arousing people on this side of the Atlantic to an intelligent interest in interior decorating as a part of the scheme of life, and among painters the subject was, naturally, being warmly discussed. On this afternoon a figure painter—it may have been Vedder—was singing the praises of the tile, declaring that upon it alone could be procured "all those qualities of ivory, velvet, changeable moth's wing, and rose petal" which go to make up the mouth of a maiden.

"As a decorative asset," he remarked, "there's nothing to compare with the tile in the way it tells on all its surroundings."

"All right," exclaimed one of the group—history has withheld his identity, "why can't we form a club and work out ideas and effects on tiles? It would do us a lot of good and might incidentally help the country out of its slough of decorative despond."

The plan was hailed delightedly, and with the men then present—and a few others who drifted in during the discussion—as charter members, the society became a fact. It was decided to hold meetings on Wednesday evenings at the studios of the members in turn, the fruits of each night's work accruing to the host of the occasion on condition that he provide the necessary tiles, together with crackers, cheese, beer, and such indispensable adjuncts of a decorative renaissance. Entrance fees and dues were deemed as superfluous as a constitution and by-laws, and to the last day of the club's existence this order obtained, expenses being shared equally as they might arise and governing rules remaining always the caprice of the moment.

The first meeting, however, gave no promise of the success the club was destined later to attain. Of the half score



THE JEFFERSON MARKET CLOCK TOWER FROM THE QUARTERS OF THE TILE CLUB

who had so enthusiastically entered into the scheme just two recalled the time and place of the gathering. What took place on that occasion neither could ever be persuaded to tell, but the maledictions they called down upon the delinquents may have done as much as anything else toward spurring the latter into active membership. At all events, there were no truants at the second meeting, and thereafter illness or absence from

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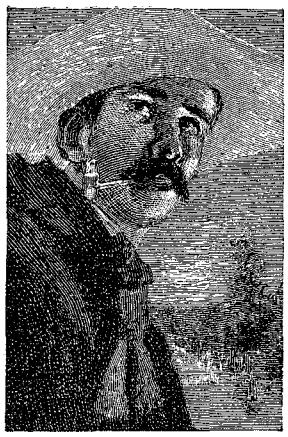

THE MARINE

the country were the only explanations for vacant chairs.

From the beginning the Tilers withdrew unto themselves. Not once did they fling their doors wide to the public or strive to attract attention by giving exhibitions or becoming embroiled in artistic discussions. At meetings even the names by which members were known to the marts were abandoned as stilted and out of character. Men ceased to be Mr. Smith, Mr. Vedder, Mr. Gifford, or Mr. Sarony, becoming instead the Owl, the Pagan, the Griffin, the Puritan, Cadmius, the Marine, the Chestnut, the O'Donoghue, the Bone, the Grasshopper, Polyphemus, the Terrapin, Sirius, the Gaul, the Bulgarian, Briareus—a long series of fantastic appellations infinitely more distinctive and sensible than mere Misters. The introduction, too, of music as part of the regular proceedings was a powerful factor in drawing the club together and rendering constraint a word obsolete. It was the Chestnut—more widely known as Edwin A. Abbey—who was responsible for this.

At one of the early meetings in a studio where there chanced to be a piano he finished his tile before the others and, wearying of idleness with the refreshments as yet nowhere in sight, slipped to the piano and started, very gently, playing an old love song. Gradually crayons were laid aside; chin in hand, the whole room turned toward him, listening. The Gaul rose and, tip-toeing out, returned presently with a violin. For hours the couple played on and on and, although the Chestnut's was the only completed tile turned in that evening, the meeting was proclaimed far and away the best held up to that time.

As a result it was decided to enlarge the membership. The original intent had been to admit none save painters, but now exceptions were made in favour of musicians and, soon after—although the enrollment was always limited and absolute comradeship insured by a law of the Medes and Persians that no man might be admitted unless by unanimous vote—the bars were lowered in lesser degree to sculptors, architects, and writers. This expansion was the means of bringing to the club some of its brightest ornaments. Besides those already mentioned, there were included during the decade in which it flourished, such men as Augustus St. Gaudens, Alfred Parsons, A. W. Drake, Frederick Dielman, Frank Millet, George Maynard, Gustave Kobbe, Arthur Quartley, J. Alden Weir, W. McKay Laffan, Edward Strahan, Charles S. Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Stanford White, William M. Chase, and several more no less well known.

"It's a singularly interesting thing," observed Mr. Hopkinson Smith not long ago, "that, although none of us had any

THE OWL

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particular reputation at the time, every man who ever belonged to the Tile Club ultimately met with success." Some of them, indeed, have gone farther than this and achieved work of signal eminence which bids fair to withstand the indifference of time.

It may be that the influence which the Tilers, collectively, exerted upon one another holds a partial explanation of this. The club never passed through any theatric nor spectacular exploits, but in the large-hearted, careless joviality of its gatherings was an artistic stimulus which few men are privileged to enjoy to such an extent. It possessed, too, a spirit of cosmopolitanism which was constantly making for wider points of view and broader sympathies. For there was not a member but who was familiar with all parts of the world and could discourse with equal ease upon the sacred books of the Orient, the sunsets of the Sierras, the boulevards of Paris, or the most habitable inns of Algiers.

"When the Calmucks were spitting like cats over my pocket-book," remarked

BRIAREUS

the Bulgarian confidentially at one meeting, "I noticed how their sheep-skins rustled in the firelight; and that's where I got the costume for my John the Baptist."

"Had an experience something like that myself once," put in the Griffin—familiarly referred to sometimes as Swain Gifford. "It was with a Chinook; he nearly swamped me in a pirogue on the Dalles of the Columbia, but I turned him into my Sindbad and sold him for more than his hide will ever fetch." And so the talk usually drifted on. Tilers would pop in wearing gloves from the Etreat, or sporting a fez acquired in Turkey, or a walking-stick bartered for in Bombay, and perhaps shoes picked up the week before in London.

In fostering its social possibilities, however, the Tile Club never forgot the serious intent with which it had been formed. Faithfully every Wednesday when dinner had been disposed of the Tilers would roll back their sleeves and assemble about the long centre-table. Then a comparative hush would fall; St. Gaudens would set to modelling one of his masterful bas-reliefs, while beside him Abbey drew an "early Tiler" in the

THE BRITON

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THE OLD ENTRANCE

Puritan garb he so loved, and Quartley worked out some marine phantasy, with Hopkinson Smith making one of his graceful sketches of the big fireplace, and beyond Chase recalling on a tile the planked fish which had just been consumed, or Vedder conjuring up slim, ethereal girls, while Stanford White builded fairy palaces of porphyry and marble, and Reinhart dashed off inimitable little caricatures of the entire company. Or perhaps the order would be wholly reversed, each man turning his hand to something remote from his accustomed style. The manner of the work was never prescribed—never even premeditated—and to that may be attributed much of the freshness and simplicity which rendered all these tiles so charming.

It is a pity that more of them have not been preserved. Designs executed in this way should be subsequently "fired" in an oven and thus permanently glazed in. This process alters some colors entirely and largely improves the total effect by simultaneously accentuating all colour and softening the outlines. The Tilers, however, producing the plaques in such profusion, rarely thought it worth while to go to so much effort. Moreover, the colour work in a tile to be handled in this fashion must be of a delicate exactitude scarcely possible of attainment under artificial light—as the Tilers worked. Most of their tiles were, consequently, executed in monochrome, "Victoria blue" being the tint chiefly favoured. Perhaps the only complete collection still in existence is that belonging to Mrs. LeMoyne, the actress.

Occasionally visitors were permitted to participate in a club gathering. Such a mark of favour, however, was rare, be-

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CLUB COMFORTS

ing extended usually to some distinguished foreigner who happened to be the friend of a member. Sir Henry Irving was the club's guest on three occasions, and he never tired of recalling those tobacco and music haunted evenings when in later years he ran across an old Tiler. It was on one of these visits that he related how he had posed as Hamlet for Whistler.

"He insisted," said Sir Henry, referring to Whistler, "upon disregarding both Hamlet and me and treating us simply as an 'arrangement.' It seemed to me that he made the Prince even more vague than some people seem to imagine the poet has drawn him, but because the portrait was what it was—and partly, too, because it was the work of a celebrated artist—I desired to buy it. Whistler named a price so exorbitant that I doubt if any one would have paid it. When I offered a more modest sum he became indignant. Of course, there was nothing for me to do but drop the subject. I reconciled myself to the thought that the picture was lost to me forever. Well, about four months later I happened to be poking about an out-of-the-way art shop. All of a sudden what should I come across but Whistler's portrait of me as Hamlet, lying face up on the floor. 'How much is this canvas?' I asked the dealer. He named a price that was about one-quarter what I'd offered Whistler, and—" the actor chuckled—"that portrait's hanging in my London house to-day."

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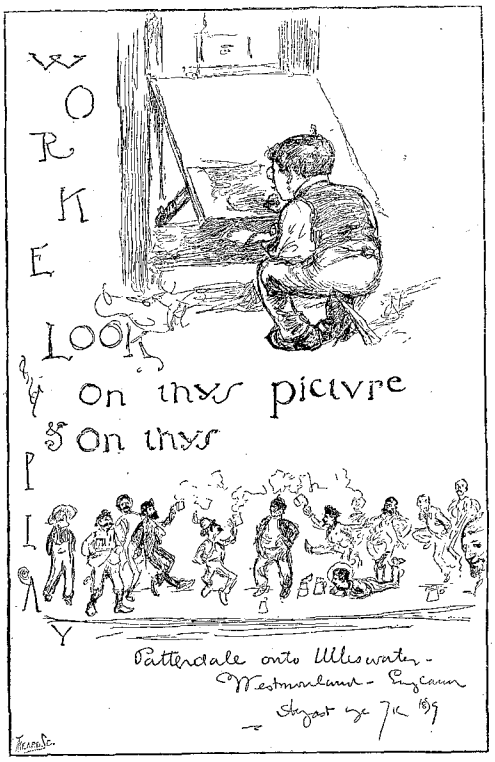
Only once did a woman set foot in the Tile Club, and that single exception to the prescribed order was made in favour of a countess. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has immortalised the lady and her visit in *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn,* wherein she figures as the Russian countess. There is much of the Tile Club, too, in the Iron Mug of the same story. As the Owl, Mr. Smith was one of the leading spirits of the old Tenth Street organisa-



REFLECTIONS OF AN ABSENT TILER
BY E. A. ABBEY

tion and part of the cheery memories of it are to be found scattered through many of his writings. He has utilised the club room itself—with a few necessary changes as regards furnishings—for a dining-room in Colonel Carter's Bedford Place house, and there it was that the general reconciliation with Klutchem took place while, from behind the Colonel's chair, Chad beamed ebony benevolence on all that tender Christmas company.

III

When the first summer of the Tile Club's existence arrived the idea of an organised excursion presented itself inevitably, and the direction of Long Island was selected for it because someone averred that "no one ever went there"—which in that day was very nearly so.

The trip extended over a fortnight, the first stopping place being a hostelry on Cap Tree Island rejoicing in the name of Castle Conklin, where the days were made memorable by oysters the size of hens' eggs, smoking clam pies which were culinary epics, blue fish that must have imbibed life from some enchanted sea beyond Olympus, and views such as Cuyp has taught us to enjoy. Thence the party proceeded to Ronkonkoma, purchasing on the way amazing, beribboned straw hats, in which they fatuously hoped to pass for natives. By easy stages, sometimes tramping, sometimes riding in farm wagons whose drivers they edified with ballads and recitations in every known dialect, they went on to East Hampton, once the home of John Howard Payne and quite the most captivating stop of the journey.

It was sunset when the Tilers came upon the single grassy street of this place, luminous reds and golds and deep, sorrow-fraught purples streaming across the ground and lingering caressingly among the faded lichens that tapestried the "shakes" of ancestral cottages. Forgetful of food, shelter, or rest, every man of them propped an easel and fell to painting—the Gaul choosing an owl-haunted ruin of a mansion surrounded by bewitched willows, the Chestnut selecting "that stationary sailer," the windmill, and Sirius labouring furiously to catch, ere too late, the quivering wonder of the waning sky. They sat so, blue spirals from their pipes adding a nicotine-tainted load to the twilight mists, the flat *plump* of brush on canvas the only sound, until the sun had ravelled the last loose skeins of his silken store. Then Sirius rose with an exclamation of disgust.

"Hang it, why couldn't the light have lasted an hour longer! I'd have gotten

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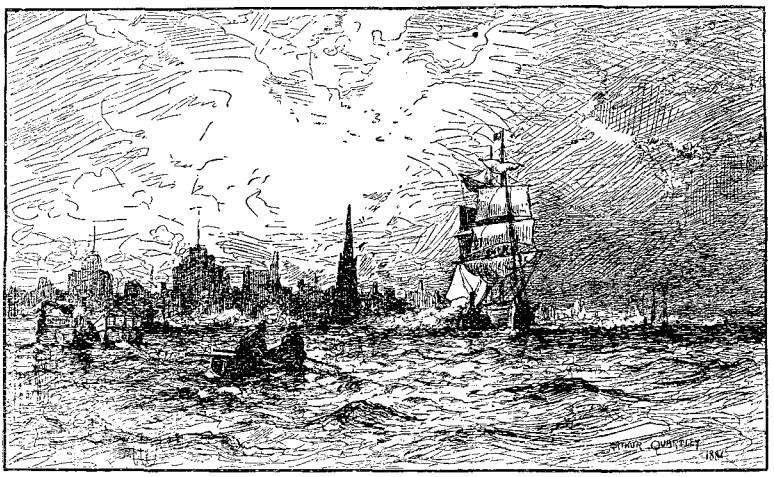
it then. Now that's gone forever." The Marine—Arthur Quartley—sympathised.

"You're right; it's too late," he agreed. "Everything must be painted at one sitting. If a picture isn't finished in four hours it's useless to try to do anything with it."

"Nonsense!" objected Briareus, whose medals awarding committees make out to William M. Chase. "The proper way to paint a landscape is in a studio, far away from the thing itself. You must simply look at a scene you're going to paint, observe the detail, saturate yourself with



NEW YORK HARBOUR. BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY

it. Then you have the spirit within you and can paint it later under ideal conditions, taking plenty of time to work it up to perfection. That's the way to get results." The Marine shrugged.

"Corot and Millet and Daubigny all painted their landscapes out of doors, on the spot, my boy; and they used to be considered fairly good artists," he returned sweetly. "The way to catch the spirit of a scene's to set it down while you're looking at it—when the spirit sways you *strongest*. You mustn't be afraid of a little inconvenience and hard work. Why, Corot spent three years of his life in mastering just one effect of silver light behind grey-green foliage, and then wanted to bury himself in a self-digged hole because he hadn't reproduced all there was in it."

Such discussions were the very essence of the society. For the Tilers the great events of life, the thrilling adventures, were the glint of light on leaf, the unfolding of melting wave on ribbed shingle, the droop of a crimson rose against the blue-black velvet of a passing peasant girl's hair. They put in three never-to-be-forgotten days at East Hampton, and, whereas they had come intending to hold John Howard Payne up to ridicule in the town he celebrated, they departed with a sympathy for him which was almost a reverence. For they made the acquaintance of "Rosalie," Payne's school-girl love, through the indefatigable prowlings of Polyphemus. (Later Mr. Laffan gave this journalistic instinct of his full play and became proprietor of the *New York Sun*.) Rosalie showed them old faded letters from Payne, reeking of all the poignant longing, the baffled ambition, and shy tenderness which went to make up the hymnist of home. And one evening in Rosalie's parlour, after they had been reading these mementoes of a shattered life, the Husk stole to the piano, the Catgut slipped his violin beneath his chin, the Baritone took his place beside them, and Rosalie heard *Home, Sweet Home* rendered as it seldom has been—with salt tears, warm as summer rain, bedewing each plaintive note. Next morning the assemblage was up early, pushing on to

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Montauk Cape, listening as they went to monstrous local Indian legends and intermittently cursing Sirius, who, above Bridgehampton, had purchased a Queen Anne table at a farm-house and, refusing to let it out of his grasp, persisted in poking his fellow-travellers in the shins with its legs at every jounce in the road.

And then in the summer of 1879 there was the famous journey to Lake Cham-

"AND THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY SEEM"

plain in a canal boat, whereon Daniel, a "Baltimore darky," presided wondrously in the kitchen, and "Deuteronomy," his assistant, proved to be the laziest, most shiftless, and altogether useless black who ever disobeyed orders and was therefore appointed body-servant to the O'Donoghue, and a stop made at West Troy to secure "Priam," his exemplary successor. A delicious, languid trip, this, full of rambling discussions and dreams by day and revelry by night, when the Tilers caparisoned themselves "in costume" and pranced about as Veronese portraits, Mierevelt Lollards, brigand chiefs, or Chinese mandarins.

Whenever along the way a town appeared which took their fancy they would put ashore and make themselves completely at home, flirting with the village maids, cajoling the village matrons, and horrifying the village squires. Ever and again, too, ephemeral friendships were struck up with quaint tow-girls and loquacious tramps—one of whom vowed he had been up the Zambezi with Livingstone and narrated long, shuddering tales of African jungles which abounded in such amazing improbability that there was really nothing for it but to believe them. And there was one fleeting female virtuoso who, accompanied by her small son, wandered over the fields piping elfin melodies on a flute, "creating Arcady beneath her bare brown feet as she tramped," and between whiles babbling of "the green" and storied castles in Ireland, all in the most approved Celtic manner.

Under the direction of the Owl the dusty saloon of the boat had been converted into a splendid salon. Velasquezes and Titians adorned the walls, with here and there a pale-faced tapestry interspersed. A Renaissance mirror hung near the hatchway. Soft textured rugs from Persia and gleaming, glossy tiger-skins rendered walking a sensuous privilege. Divans which could be converted into beds at night were plentifully strewn about, piled high with cushions upholstered in rich stuffs. One dim corner, styled "the chapel," was draped with a tapestry representing "Nebuchadnezzar among the beasts" and adorned with several pendant Italian lamps and a large Spanish crucifix, flanked on one side by a gilded St. Roch in his pilgrim garb and on the other by a corresponding St. Joseph. Here also hung a Madonna with a swinging thurible before it—which was supposed to be kept burning always with incense, but never was because the task had been entrusted to "Deuteronomy." Then, of course, there was the piano, the army of easy-chairs, the wide centre-table, and the violins. Altogether it was a room in which to grow expansive—a room to compensate for wasted days and

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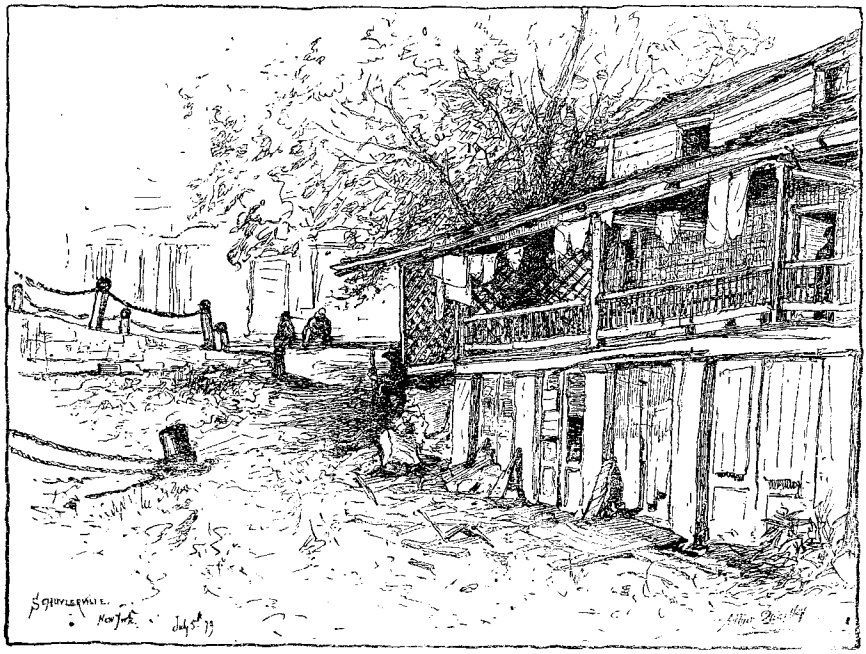
bitter griefs. In it, with music and anecdote and not too much work to beguile the time, the days glided by as gently and easily as the boat wherein they were passed, and before the club realised it the waters of Champlain were stretching out before them.

The return voyage was made in the same leisurely fashion, past the little chain of forts which had grown to be towns—Fort Ann, Fort Edward, Fort Miller, and Fort Hardy—and so back into the Hudson, frequent sketching and painting trips being made ashore and friendships begun on the passage up renewed. Perhaps, in one way, it was not a remarkably eventful journey, but it frothed with merriment and youth and in it was the unalloyed gold of that friendship which demands nothing and is, possibly, the most wholesome relationship to which humans ever can attain. It is worth dwelling upon and considering deeply, too, in so far as it gave us an art which is graceful and leisurely as it is uncommercial and unstandardised.

One evening as they were sitting down to dinner, quite unexpectedly, the lights of New York leaped into view like suddenly burst dahlias of the night. Nearer and nearer they blew as, laughing and talking, the Tilers bent over the steaming dishes.

"Laws!" old Daniel used to exclaim a dozen years later when, as major-domo in the studio of one of his charges on that occasion, he washed out oil-clogged brushes, "how the gemmen did pitch inter dat 'ere chicken brile that night! 'Peared like they wa'n't never gwine git 'nough, nor of de waffles, neither!"



A BIT OF SCHUYLERVILLE. BY ARTHUR QUARTLEY

IV

It was the Oriental splendour achieved aboard the canal boat that generated in the Tilers the desire for a club house entirely their own. Not long after their return an opportunity presented to rent the cloistered retreat at 58½ West Tenth Street, and then it was that they moved their choicest possessions down the damp underground passageway. Stanford White executed the decorative details, and in that wide lounging-room, where "the atmosphere was almost close, almost hot, and smelt savoury," the Tilers lived and recalled the most exquisite moments of life.

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Here it was that one evening Elihu Vedder—the Pagan—waxed sentimental and, lying back among the cushions, purred forth confidences of Capri and a "dark-eyed girl who filled his heart and emptied his purse in student days."

"And what became of her?" queried Cadmius.

"Oh, she exists—fresh and lovely as the day I left her. You know my painting of The Sibyl?—Well, that's the lady."

And here Briareus admitted how in a garden in Holland he met, loved, and painted his "Girl in the Hammock," about whom all the critics were so enthusiastic. And the Owl told of how one afternoon he had come out of Harper's office in Franklin Square and beheld Brooklyn Bridge, then building, as it towered majestically above the squat, sordid tenements of the river-front, and how that contrasting vision had emblazoned itself upon his mind as the genius of the nineteenth century rising supreme above the squalid tangle of the eighteenth; how the thought had driven him before it until it forced him to set to work on his "Brooklyn Bridge," out of doors, with sleet-streaked December blasts chilling his hands, and how at the end of eight days he went home with the completed picture and a violent attack of la grippe. The club never wearied of dwelling thus upon the romance which underlies the execution of every canvas ever wrought.

Each Tiler upon his entry into the room was greeted with some particular cry, chanted at him by the entire company in unison. Whenever Frederick Dielman appeared, for instance, he was greeted with: "O, poor Terrapin; O, poor Terrapin—FISH!"—the last word a long-drawn bellow. The significance of these salutations no one ever could explain; they simply existed, a very essential and typical part of the fraternity's happy-go-lucky intimacy. One Wednesday when Edwin A. Abbey dropped in unexpectedly, fresh from London triumphs, the roar of "Chestnut!" which welcomed him is said to have rocked the tower of Jefferson Market across the way.

"Just came over," he explained as they helped him with his coat, "to tell you boys of a real Cavalier saddle I happened to pick up the other day. You'd like it; it's a beauty—hogskin, wooden pummels, stirrups like those in Vandyke's Charles II. It's modelled after one of Prince Rupert's." And without more ado he took his old place in the circle, regaling them with the latest gossip of Du Maurier, Burne-Jones, Alma-Tadema and Sargent.

The Griffin rose and approached the hearth, to do honour to the prodigal with a preparation of Kibobs.

"Something new—your cooking, isn't it?" asked the Chestnut.

"This is a dish I learned to prepare this summer," returned the Griffin. "Rather curious how I came by the recipe, too.—My wife and I were doing some painting on the Desert of Sahara. I noticed a particular prospect that appealed to me and started toward it. Well, you know how deceptive distances are on the desert. When I'd made my sketch and turned around Mrs. Gifford was nowhere in sight. I was wild. For hours I ran around looking for her, but I seemed to have lost my way completely. It was dusk before I finally did sight her, and then the situation she was in turned my blood cold. An Arab with a long dirk in his hand was bent threateningly over her! I motioned to her to be quiet and crept up on the man. I had to be careful, because he had a flock of sheep with him, and I was afraid that if they started to bleat he might look around before I could get to him. They didn't, though, and I reached him just as he started to sweep the knife downwards. With one blow back of the ear I sent him spinning. I was going to follow up that advantage, wrestle the dirk away from him, and finish him on the spot, when my wife threw herself at my neck." He turned the spits with dramatic deliberation. "It seemed," he continued presently, "that she'd stopped the fellow to ask if he'd seen anything of me, had made friends with him, and happened to mention the fact that she was ravenous. Being a chivalrous soul he insisted upon killing one of his own sheep to furnish food for her. It was that murder which my blow had interrupted. But after matters had been explained, the Arab did

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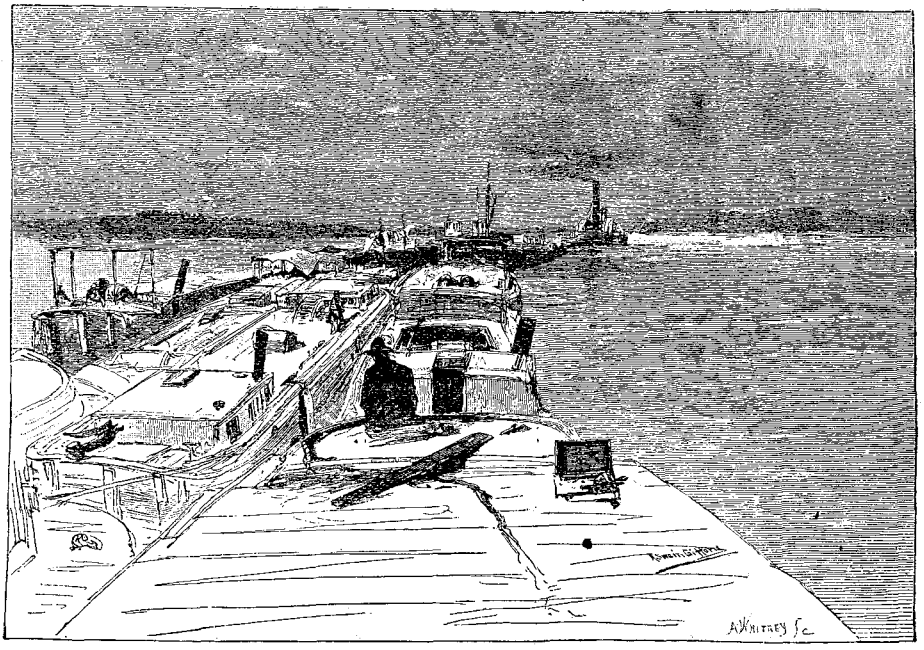
kill a sheep, and all three of us ate dinner by the light of a bonfire there on the verge of the desert.—We had Kibobs that night, and the Arab taught me how to prepare them."

When the sizzling skewersful had been handed about and the whole room was munching in delicious informality, the Chestnut asked news of the local art world. The Owl, always to be depended upon for the latest gossip, unfolded for his benefit the tale of a very mediocre



COMING HOME

portrait painter who had hired a cottage at Newport that summer and, by clever chicanery, managed to clear all his expenses and sail for Paris with a clear eight thousand dollars profit for his three months' sojourn.

"Terrible," commented the Chestnut. "I can't understand how such things can be."

"Oh, I don't know as it's so terrible." The Owl became judicial. "If people are silly enough to be roped in in that way some one might as well have their money."

The Saint roused indignantly from his normal taciturnity.

"You don't think anything of the kind," he cried. "You have too fine a perception of what is true and beautiful in art to believe any such bosh. Why, that chap's just like a huckster peddling suspenders. The pursuit of the ideal in art absorbs a man's life. The hard study and grinding work he goes through to enable him to produce something really worth while are wearing and exhausting. This I know to my cost. But the stupidity of the public and its neglect to understand and appreciate a piece of good work after it's finished—these are the severest disappointments an artist experiences. I am poor and suppose I always shall be. I love my work for the good it does *me*. It is three-fourths of my existence, nine-tenths of my happiness, and all of my ambition; and I would see your chuckle-headed moneybags in Hades before I would move out of my studio six inches to get a commission for a monument a mile high unless I got something else out of it besides the sum of money set down in the contract."

This was said before St. Gaudens had attained to any fame; it was a statement from obscurity of the creed which is stamped in every strong, sinewy curve of his modelling, of the creed through adherence to which he caused mankind

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to "wear a pathway to his door" and left the world a better, nobler place in which to dwell. And as he recited it that evening the Tilers raised a mighty shout of approbation and, filling one of the pewter tankards to the brim, forced him to drink his own health while they clapped him roughly on the back to distract attention from the deep, inner chords he had made to vibrate.

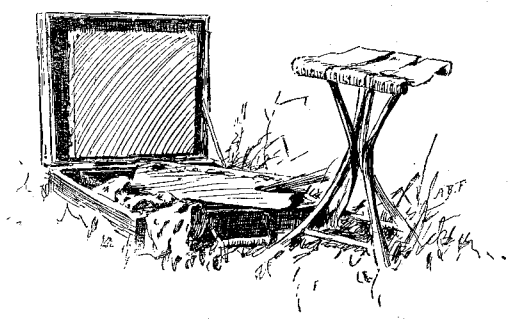
Then the evening was brought to its close. All those gatherings terminated more or less alike. The Catgut would unroll his violin, the Husk would seat himself at the piano, the others refilling their pipes and settling back luxuriously, and Beethoven's Pathetique, Schumann's sonata in A minor, or Chopin's symphony in B minor would fill the room like celestial sighs. After a space the baritone would join those at the piano and, in a voice as rich and tenderly warm as an Italian sky, pour forth old Bedouin love songs until romance, wreathed in rosemary, crept from the cave of dreams and, far over the housetops, dawn trailed slim, pale fingers across the eastern sky. . . .

The old house in West Tenth Street is a private dwelling now and twentieth century commerce jostles it with an ugly, unsympathetic apartment house. No more do eager feet splash through the dim passageway, nor loud yelps of welcome echo through the infinitesimal, geranium-studded garden. The piano is stilled and the "old-fashioned English grate set into the chimney with wide hobs" will never again leap into quicker flame at the demand of impromptu broils.

Many of the Tilers have finally laid aside their brushes—prematurely cut down in their very primes. Those who are left are for the most part widely scattered; and no "re-unions" are held. Often, however, they meet in the New York clubs which artists frequent. About them the younger generation resents even the application of the term "artist" to itself. If their occupation must be designated these younger painters prefer the less æsthetic word "painter." They sally forth not to low-ceilinged, smoky apartments remote from the glare of throngs where viols reawake the exquisite sorrows of Schumann and Chopin, but to the gilded caravansaries of Broadway, in which the orchestra accommodates with the latest musical comedy tunes. Other times — other manners! Perhaps the change may be for the better—it is difficult to live in an age and appraise it correctly at the same time—but the old Tiler, with the advantage of a quarter century's perspective, feels out of place in this atmosphere of superficialities and bank-notes.

He wends his way out of the garish rush to a quiet studio where the light falls softly, and there draws out the "Book of the Tile Club"—an ample tome whose covers are of ivory and gold, satisfying to the touch. And as he turns the pages, while shadows gather in deeper purples about the corners of the room, the old figures, glad with the youth of 1880, cluster close around, the old cries rend the night, the Griffin bends to the preparation of Kibobs, the Catgut strings his violin, and a dozen pipes are kindled.

Iram indeed is gone with all his rose,
And Jamshyd's Sev'n-Ring'd Cup where no one knows,
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine.
And many a garden by the water blows.



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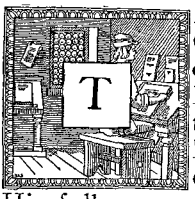
H. C. BUNNER AND HIS CIRCLE

BY HENRY GALLUP PAINE

I



THE writer first met H. C. Bunner in the spring of 1881, at the house of Brander Matthews, who then lived at No. 330 East Seventeenth Street, on Stuyvesant Square. His full name was Henry Cuyler Bunner; but in spite of a long intimacy and close association, his middle name remained a mystery until after his death. He always signed himself "H. C. Bunner," and preferred to be known, even by his most intimate friends, as "Bunner." Even his wife spoke of him as "Bunner," and generally so addressed him. The fact that his mother and his brother Rudolph, the artist, called him "Harry," was the only clew to what the H. stood for.

Puck was founded in 1877; and Bunner, who had joined the staff almost immediately, had been editor for four years. He was then twenty-five years old; but to a youngster, fresh from college and just breaking into the magazine game as a clerk in the business office of Scribner and Company (now the Century Company), he appeared considerably older. Of medium height and slight of frame, with a smooth upper lip and dark, close-cropped side-whiskers, he looked, when his face was in repose, more like a clergyman than the editor of a comic weekly. This impression was heightened by the style of silk hat he then affected —one of the stove-pipe variety, with narrow brim. But it was only in externals that he conveyed an impression of dignified seriousness. Yet that is not quite the way to put it, after all; for he took his work seriously and felt the responsibility of his position as editor of a journal that, in spite of its humorous dress and contents, he was making editorially a political force in the country. And he was, above all, a man of dignity. He was not a man with whom one would be likely to take liberties. But he simply bubbled over with spontaneous humour.

He was one of the few men who are as brilliant in conversation as in their writings. Wit sparkled at the end of his tongue as gaily as at the point of his pen. Moreover, he was as appreciative as he was clever; and in repeating a good story or witty speech that he had heard, he was always careful to give due credit for it. He was one of the most companionable of men. He was sympathy personified, and was ever ready to adapt his own mood to that of his friend. If there was anything he could do for you, he did not content himself with offering to do it. He did it. He was as honest and open in his likes and dislikes as a child. If he liked you, you knew it; and if he disliked you, he did not cover up his feelings with any pretence. So, when he showed a liking for you, you knew that he meant it, and were glad and proud of it.

He lived at that time in lodgings in East Twentieth Street, near Fourth Avenue. There, after the writer had come to know him through frequent meetings at Brander Matthews', he had the pleasure of spending two or three evenings with him and some of his associates of those days. Among these were James L. Ford, William J. Henderson, John Moran, B. B. Vallentine, R. K. Munkittrick, George Edgar Montgomery, George Parsons Lathrop, Benjamin Ellis Martin, Edgar Fawcett, William Henry Bishop, A. E. Watrous, and "Peleg Arkwright" Proudfit. There were among the others, a few who, if not quite so companionable, were never allowed to feel they were not just as welcome.

In the meantime, the writer had become an editorial assistant on *St. Nicholas*, but did not feel that he was fully initiated into the "literary life" until after he had received his first invitation to Bunner's rooms, and had lunched with him and the *Puck* staff at Koster and Bial's downtown restaurant, at the corner of Warren and Church Streets. *Puck* had, by that time, moved to No. 23 Warren Street, from its quarters in

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North William Street—the land having been taken for the New York approach to the Brooklyn Bridge.

It was in the nature of an exciting adventure to slip away at noon-time from the cloister-like hush of the editorial rooms of the Century Company, then as now on the north side of Union Square, to the gayer and less formal atmosphere of the *Puck* office. With increasing prosperity, the men who made *Puck* had given over sending out for cheese sandwiches and beer to be consumed at desk and drawing table, cutting, so legend has it, the ponderous sandwiches with the office shears. Around the table regularly reserved for the staff at "Koster's" gathered daily Bunner, Munkittrick, William Curtis Gibson, Frederick Burr Opper, Charles J. Taylor, Arthur Gillam, Ned Wales, and other fellow-workers and friends, a bright and joyous company. During that mid-day hour all reference to "shop" was taboo. Did any one attempt to suggest an idea for a cartoon, to criticise a drawing, to comment on an editorial, or a joke, Bunner would frown, raise a protesting hand, and say: "Let this hallowed hour with better thoughts be spent!" He held that luncheon was a time for refreshment of the mind as well as the body. Accustomed always to concentrate on the task at hand, he felt the need of relaxation after the morning's work to prepare for that of the afternoon. But he was equally intolerant of "shop" talk at all meals.

In those days, he usually dined at the Westmoreland Hotel, on the southeast corner of Seventeenth Street and Fourth Avenue. Laurence Hutton, before his marriage in 1885, dined there frequently with him; and the round table by the window was nightly filled with a slightly varying company, recruited from the fifty-cent (or cheaper) *table d'hotes* nearer Sixth Avenue, when prosperity or recklessness impelled to indulgence in the luxury of an *à la carte* meal, flavoured with Bunner's and Hutton's discourse.

The Authors Club was founded in 1882. Bunner was one of the early members, and through the benevolent connivance of Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton, the writer, too, was smuggled in shortly after, on the strength of his humble editorial job and the printed libretto of an operetta that never advanced beyond the indignity of a performance by church choir amateurs. In this company, of which the writer was the youngest member, were many greybeards who, from their heights of wisdom, looked down on such youngsters as Bunner and his contemporaries. This gave a younger man courage to meet the literary hero on a more equal footing than had ever been attempted before.

The Authors at that time occupied the second floor at No. 19 West Twenty-fourth Street, the first floor and basement being given over to the Fencers Club—a wedding of mind and muscle that received additional sanction through the ministrations of Captain Hippolyte Nicholas, the *maitre d'armes,* who was as doughty with the skillet as the rapier. His attacks upon the digestion of the Authors, at their fortnightly suppers, were as grateful and as innocuous as his daily assaults upon the external anatomy of the Fencers; while his persuasive eloquence on the value of physical exercise as a spur to mental activity won to the Fencers many recruits from the Authors. Bunner was among those who joined the awkward squad, from which he never emerged. He had not taken many lessons before he expressed the opinion that our *maitre d'armes* was better at a *sauté* than an *assaut.* And he was right, as was afterward demonstrated when Nicholas's graduates found themselves everywhere outpointed in their encounters with members of other clubs, and had to begin all over again. *Pax Hippolyto.* He *was* a good *cook.*

II

Bunner was never the man to break up a party, and he was always one of the last to leave the regular meetings of the Authors Club; and, as the writer lodged in the house, there was no thought of going to bed while any one remained. Thus there grew a very intimate association with Bunner in those after midnight hours when men's souls expand and friendships ripen. No matter how late it might be when we parted, there

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Deed of Gift

I, Brander Matthews of New York, now for the time being in London, in consideration of a certain promise of marriage and of the sum of one dollar to me in hand paid, receipt of which is hereby acknowledged do, by these presents, assign make over, transfer absolutely and wholly surrender to Miss Alice Learned of New London, Conn., my estate, property and interest in H. C. Bunner of New York, professional poet, storyteller and friend, together with any share I may have in his wit; humor and intelligence, be the same more or less And I adjoin hereto my best wishes for her future happiness in the possession and enjoyment of the said H. C. Bunner.

In witness whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this twenty first day of July in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and eighty five in the presence of the subscribing witnesses.

Brander Matthews (L.S.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in our presence.

Austin Dobson

Lawrence Hutton

Eleanor P. Hutton.

Ada Matthews

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was always something left unsaid, some topic to be further discussed; and so the writer formed the habit of spending, first one, then two, and later often three evenings, or latter parts of evenings, with Bunner in his cozy bachelor apartment in East Seventeenth Street, near Fifth Avenue.

This place was perhaps less of a club room than his old lodgings in Twentieth Street. A few of the less worthy of his early associates had abused a hospitality that was always unstinted; and, with the tactful aid of John the janitor, the company at Seventeenth Street became more select and more congenial.

In those days it was always a mystery to his friends how Bunner ever found time to write his stories and verses, other than those that appeared in *Puck,* most of which he wrote at the office. You hardly ever caught him at it; and when you did, he always seemed to welcome the interruption. But write he did, in such odd solitary moments as his friends, more by accident than design, granted him.

It was different with *The Midge,* which, for various and sufficient reasons, he desired to complete before his marriage. There were times, then, when Bunner would actually deny himself to his friends in order to work on this story; moving for that purpose, prematurely and without publicity, into the apartment at No. 330 East Seventeenth Street, where he later brought his bride, who was Miss Alice Learned, of New London.

This and every book he published afterward was dedicated to A. L. B.; and even his first book, *Airs From Arcady,* published before he was engaged, although it bore a formal dedication to Brander Matthews, contained on its last page those beautiful verses, "To Her."

III

Bunner wrote very rapidly in those days; because he had cultivated the habit of thinking out, before he sat down to write, the exact construction and even the phraseology of his stories. Ideas came to him quickly, too. For a hundred years New York celebrated with an annual parade the evacuation of the city by the British in 1783. The last celebration of this nature took place in 1883, and on the afternoon of that day, as Bunner and Brander Matthews were standing on the steps of the latter's house in East Eighteenth Street, a little detachment of Zouaves marched by, bearing their tattered and bullet-riddled regimental colours. Instinctively, as all men do whose recollection goes back to the days of the Civil War, the two men raised their hats to the Stars and Stripes. Just after dinner that evening, Bunner brought to Matthews his beautiful poem, "Off With Your Hat as the Flag Goes By." On another occasion, when Matthews expressed surprise that Bunner could have found time among all his multifarious duties and engagements to write two of his best poems within a week, Bunner exclaimed: "Oh, spring makes poetry just ooze out of me!"

In later years, when he lived in Nutley, New Jersey, Bunner dictated everything he wrote, even verse. He would walk up and down, usually in the hall, choosing his words and framing his sentences, until he had a paragraph or two completely formulated; then he would pop into the room and repeat them to his secretary, who took them down on the typewriter. His work, even when done in this way, required very little polishing. Once, in the middle of the night, he suddenly found himself wide awake with an idea for a sonnet running in his head. He thereupon in bed slowly composed the poem to his satisfaction, and then turned over and went to sleep, sure that he could write it out in the morning —which he did.

He had a very large vocabulary and a remarkable command of it, and seemed with little effort always to select the word to express his exact thought. This was doubtless due to his wide reading and to his wonderfully retentive memory. He was one of the most rapid readers, if not the most rapid reader, that the writer has ever encountered. He seemed to be able to visualise a page at a glance; and he would turn the leaves of a book almost as fast as he could slip his forefinger between them. And whatever he read, he remembered. It was a

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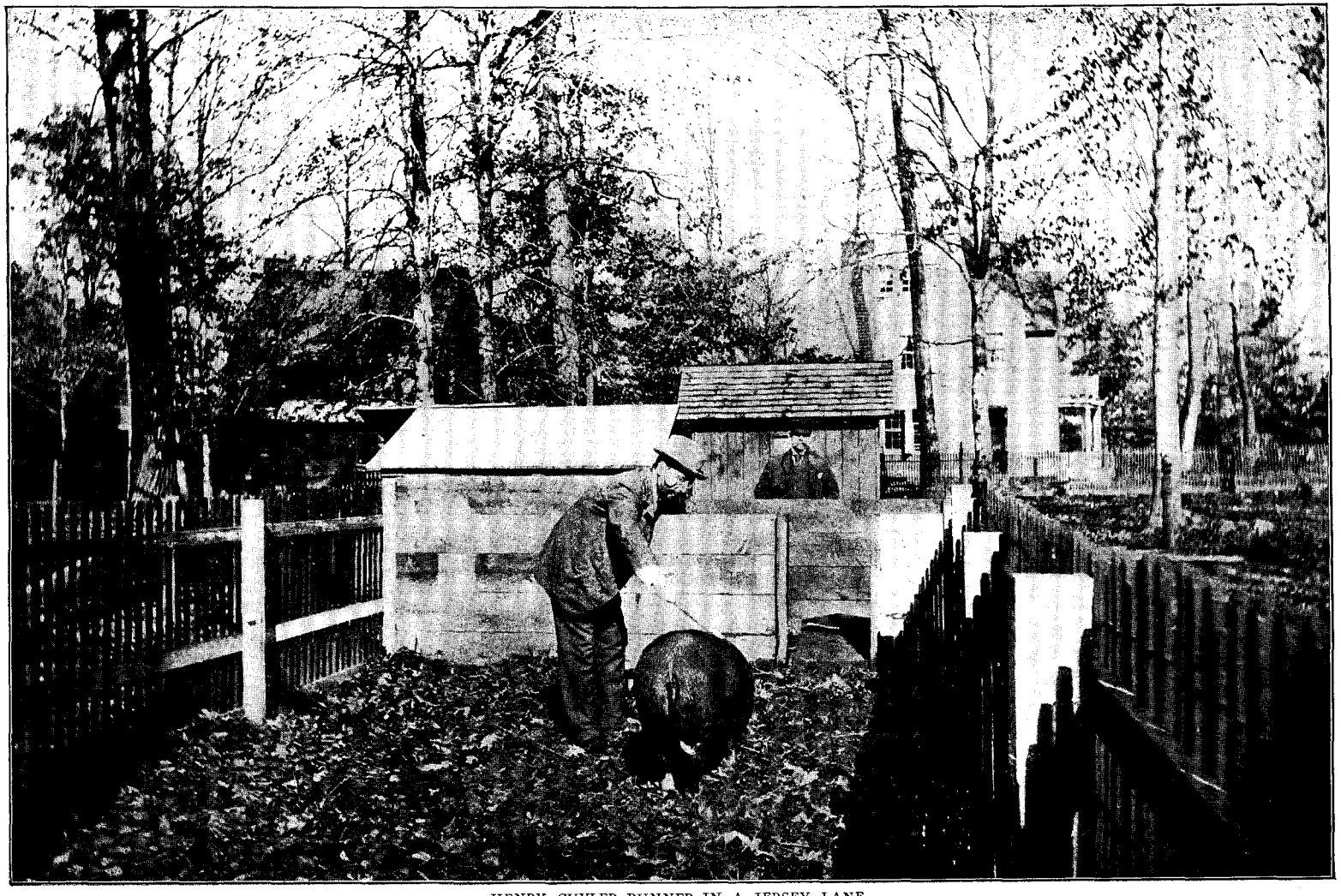

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER IN A JERSEY LANE

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sort of game among his friends to put him to the test—to take from his bookcase some dusty volume, and after reading it, to draw him into a discussion of it. He might not have looked at it for years; but it was always as fresh in his memory as if he had just finished it, and more often than not, he would be able to quote entire passages from it.

He not only read everything that was worth reading, or that other people were reading, but he had a great fondness for the queer and unusual in literature. In this way he picked up an enormous amount of bizarre and unfamiliar information, that was ever at his tongue's end in quotation or allusion when occasion served. In fact, he had such a fund of curious and forgotten lore, and such a habit of drawing on it, that he often gave one an eerie impression of knowing everything. As a mater of fact, he did appear to know something about everything; and it never took him longer than the time to give a nervous little cough, to recall it to memory.

There was something lightning-like in the activity of his mind. Every impression that he had ever received seemed equally at his command, and to have direct and instantaneous connection with every other impression. And he never allowed these mental telegraph wires to grow rusty through disuse. This was very useful to him in argument, into which he was frequently led; for he formed his judgments quickly, and was very tenacious of them. If you happened to disagree with him on a subject about which you felt yourself particularly well informed, just as you thought you had driven him into a corner from which there was no escape, he would reach back into his mind and produce, to sustain his position, some unfamiliar fact or authority that would leave him in possession of the field. He might afterward recede from his position, and acknowledge himself convinced; but he could rarely deny himself the satisfaction of the verbal victory.

A year or so after his marriage Bunner removed with his family to Nutley, New Jersey, and about the same time, the writer became associate editor of *Puck*. This was in the fall of 1887, when the offices were in the new Puck Building, No. 39 East Houston Street, at the southwest corner of Mulberry Street, on the block below old Police Headquarters.

What impressed the writer most on becoming a member of the staff, was the business-like way in which the paper was conducted. He had always supposed that *Puck* was edited, illustrated and published in a careless, haphazard sort of way—that the whole enterprise was a huge joke that was successful because people loved to laugh. As a matter of fact, there are few offices where the system was so thorough and so good. For this Adolph Schwarzmann, the publisher, was responsible; and he had in the editorial office an able adjutant in W. C. Gibson, the art editor, and an enthusiastic advocate in his editor-in-chief. Bunner approved of system, but he also approved of letting others carry it out. He did whatever it was essential for him to do—and a great deal more—but mere executive details had no interest for him, and, in the steady pressure of more important work, he had no time for them. That was why he desired an associate editor.

His desk was piled so high with letters, manuscripts, newspapers, proofs, and what-not, that there was no room for him to write, so he had transferred his inkstand to a table in the corner; and that, in turn, had accumulated its own mountain of paper, with only a little valley at the foot hardly large enough to hold a piece of copy paper. It was the work of some months to clear this all away, and to write letters of explanation to unanswered correspondents.

Bunner was not to blame for this. The calls upon him were so constant and insistent, that it was simply impossible for him to write personal letters unless he neglected the more imperative duty of making *Puck* the power it was in those days. The whole weight of the paper was on his shoulders. He suggested many of the cartoons, and was consulted about all the others; he directed the editorial policy, and wrote all the editorials; he passed upon all the contributions, and scrutinised the proofs with particular care; and there was not

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a number of the paper issued that did not contain columns of his own composition—articles, stories, sketches, jokes, verses, captions for "comics" (illustrated dialogues), and whatever goes to make up the contents of a humorous magazine with a serious purpose. It was simply because he put the interests of the paper before his own that he neglected his personal correspondents.

Although *Puck* for many years conspicuously displayed the following couplet:

"Rejected manuscripts *Puck* ne'er returns,
In summer tears them and in winter burns,"

all unavailable contributions that contained return postage were scrupulously mailed back to the writers. Unfortunately, many of these contributions came in envelopes addressed to Bunner personally, and not a few were overlooked. If any old contributor to *Puck* or any old friend of Bunner's still holds himself aggrieved on this account, he should instantly forgive him. There was never a more loyal friend than H. C. B., never an editor who strove harder to do his whole duty to his paper.

IV

It was entirely owing to Bunner's influence that *Puck,* which had always before been Republican in politics, allied itself with the Mugwumps in 1884 and supported Grover Cleveland for the presidency. Mr. Schwarzmann, the publisher, who held the same political views as Bunner, was at first doubtful of the expediency, from a business standpoint, of taking so radical a step; but he was a man of too high principle, too sincere a lover of the truth as he saw it, too honest, straightforward and courageous, to hesitate when it came to the moment of definite decision. Although he felt that the change of base spelt ruin for *Puck,* he stood behind his editor like a rock in the face of no little inside opposition.

There can be no doubt that *Puck* was an important factor in the campaign, and that its representation of Blaine as the "Tattooed Man" was an important element in the defeat of the Republican candidate. There is a little inside story in regard to the evolution of the "Tattooed Man." Some time before the national conventions were held, it occurred to Bunner to represent in a cartoon the various candidates for nomination in the guise of "freaks" in a dime museum; and the idea was entrusted to Arthur Gillam, the artist, to execute. When Gillam had made his first outline sketch, he came to Bunner for suggestions for designs with which to embellish the caricature of David Davis, whom he had selected to represent the tattooed man, presumably because his obese personality presented the largest area for decorative purposes. Like a flash, Bunner saw the greater possibilities for cartoon effect in substituting the man who afterward became the Republican nominee, and representing him as tattooed with the points in his record that afforded the most vulnerable targets to his enemies. In the published cartoon David Davis appeared as the fat woman.

The new associate editor soon found that his most valuable function was in relieving Bunner of all office details, so that he could give his entire time to creative work, doing his writing at home and coming into town at first three times, then twice, and, after the associate editor went to live in Nutley, only once a week for a general conference. In consequence, he was able to give more care and thought to his own contributions to *Puck,* and these established a higher standard for the entire contents.

He was writing, at this time, a great deal for the monthly magazines—*The Century, Scribner's, Harper's*—and his stories and poems had won him a high reputation among contemporary men of letters. His associates on *Puck* encouraged him in this, because they recognised that every increase in Bunner's fame as an author reflected favourably upon the paper that he edited. Bunner, however, was not content with any such indirect benefits, and he planned and wrote several series of very short stories to be printed in *Puck.* The first were his famous *Short Sixes; Stories to be Read while the Candle Burns.* He had, perhaps, been led to see the possibility of writing complete stories in so short a

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compass from having read, the year before, all of Guy de Maupassant's tales that he could lay his hands on. So convinced was he of his indebtedness to Maupassant for the method of his *Short Sixes,* that it was with the utmost difficulty he was prevailed upon not to print some such line as "with acknowledgments to Guy de Maupassant" under the general title. He was told that his own personality and style so permeated *Short Sixes* that no one would believe that they owed anything to Maupassant, even if he said so; and, while perhaps he might not have written exactly those stories in exactly that way if he had not read Maupassant, he was no more influenced by the method of the French author than he was by that of any other author he had read and admired.

Bunner yielded, but under protest; and his literary conscience was so sensitive that he could not rest until he had devised a way by which he could give credit to Maupassant for what he felt he owed him. He took eleven stories of Maupassant's and did them into American. They were in no sense translations, merely the Maupassant plots retold in the American environment with which Bunner was familiar, and following, more or less closely, Maupassant's method. These stories were first published in *Puck,* and then in book form under the title *Made in France,* with due acknowledgments to their source. And Bunner was happy. But the book contained twelve stories; for Bunner could not refrain from playing a literary joke upon the public. The story that most closely resembled Maupassant, that seemed most nearly a translation, was Bunner's original contribution to the volume. And it is impossible to guess how man admirers of the Frenchman have tried to identify that story and to discover the original of "The Joke on M. Piptoneau" in Maupassant's published work.

No man who ever wrote was better able to perform a feat of this sort than Bunner. With a mind as absolutely original as that of any other man who ever wrote, he could with wonderful facility adopt, not only the style of another author (as in his clever renderings of "Home, Sweet Home," in the several manners of Swinburne, Dobson, Pope, Bret Harte and Whitman, but, if the fancy seized him, the other's point of view and mental processes.

One year, Bunner had set his heart on having Frank R. Stockton contribute an original story to the Mid-summer *Puck,* an elaborate issue, printed in colours, and sold at fifty cents. Stockton more than half agreed to write the story—at any rate, Bunner understood that he was to write it, and planned the number accordingly. But when the time came for Stockton to deliver the copy, it was not ready. Bunner, half in fun and half in earnest, threatened to write the story himself if Stockton did not come to time with it. Stockton, probably half in fun and half in earnest, told him to go ahead —and Bunner went. It was as good a story as Frank Stockton ever wrote. Indeed, it was so good that it caused a slight coolness to spring up between the two friends—one that lasted nearly a year. The trouble was that Bunner's fertile imagination had conceived three distinct Stocktonian ideas; and for good measure he wove them all into one story, so that, to the careful reader, they unconsciously betrayed the Stockton formula.

On another occasion Bunner employed his skill at imitative writing to convey a hint to a friend. A man, who might have been known as Bill, if his name had been William, and who was a frequent contributor to *Puck,* was very close to Bunner. He had worked on a little weekly paper, and had subsisted largely on promises until the proprietor owed him so much money that it was cheaper to give him the paper than to pay him his arrears of salary. This left the young man even poorer than he was before; and what he got from *Puck* was a welcome addition to his income. *Puck* paid on publication; and Bill was usually on hand on the afternoon of the day we went to press to see if his name was on the "horoscope," which was the office term for the weekly editorial expense sheet. Whether his name was there or not, he would always anxiously scan the proofs of standing matter that hung on a hook near Gibson's desk; and, if he found

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anything of his in type, would quietly move it to the front, where it would be sure to catch the art editor's eye when he made up the next issue.

At the stroke of four in the afternoon work ceased in the editorial and art departments; and it was the custom for the members of the staff, and any of their friends who happened to be present, to meet for a few minutes at an adjacent hostelry before dispersing to their homes. Bill's circumstances conspired to make him more often a guest than a host on such occasions—often enough to excite comment among those who did not fully appreciate the circumstances. Bunner, sensitive for the reputation of his friend, sought to convey to him a suggestion of the situation without speaking to him directly on so delicate a subject. So he wrote a half column skit in Bill's exact style, bearing some such title as "Bully Bill Nevertreat's Bad Day," had it put in type, hung a proof of it on the hook in the editorial room, and ordered the type distributed.

Next press day, Bill dropped in, as usual, and, as usual, made a bee line for the proof hook. His eye was instantly caught by a title that was as imitative of his style as the story that followed. Naturally, he read it, to see who was poaching on his preserves. And that afternoon at the line up, it was the voice of Bill that first uttered the magic words: "Well, boys, what will you have?"

V

Like most good New Yorkers, Bunner was born somewhere else, in his case, Oswego, New York; but his family were of the city, and to it he removed at an early age and made it particularly his own. He loved it and found in it all the romance and colour that the unseeing proclaim they miss. His *Story of a New York House*, "The Red Box at Vesey Street," and *Ballads of Broadway*, are instances of the inspiration the city was to him. He loved to roam through Greenwich Village, Chelsea, the French quarter, the Italian quarter, and wherever immigrants from any country had gathered in sufficient numbers to establish a colony and to give a distinctive character to a neighbourhood. He knew every lane, alley, court and by-way in the metropolis; and if he ever heard of one that he had missed, he made it the object of an early pilgrimage. If he had to go from one part of the city to another, he would preferably not take the direct way, but would follow a roundabout route that led him through some picturesque quarter. He knew an amazing number of queer little restaurants and queer little shops where they sold queer little things.

On one occasion he criticised one of *Puck's* artists for his drawing of a sabot. The man defended himself by saying he had been unable to get a model. "You can't buy wooden shoes in New York," he declared.

"Can't you?" retorted Bunner, and rushed out at noon-time and came back with a pair of sabots under his arm. *He* knew where they made them—on a side street just off West Broadway—for the use of workers in dye houses.

The copy of *The Story of a New York House* that Bunner gave to Brander Matthews contains, in the author's handwriting, the following inscription in verse, which probably has never been printed.

TO BRANDER MATTHEWS

To you, who know our motley town,
  And love to write her stories down;
And whom no fancy for far lands
  Lures from the work sent to your hands,
Comes this, and, falter as it may,
  You will know what it meant to say.

Neighbourliness was developed in Bunner to its highest degree, and he always delighted in identifying himself with his environment. The windows of *Puck's* editorial rooms looked out on Mulberry Street, and Bunner was as interested in the tenants of the four-story brick tenements opposite and in their doings as if they were all old friends. He rejoiced at their weddings and births, grieved at their funerals, and was as excited as anyone on the block when a whole ton of coal was dumped at the front door of the only householder who could afford so wholesale an investment. He had a name for every one; and if it was not the right name, it was at least appropriate.

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If nothing interesting was happening on Mulberry Street, he would go and look out of the back windows on Jersey Street, one side of the entire length of which thoroughfare was occupied by the Puck Building. And what he saw there will be found in his volume entitled *Jersey Street and Jersey Lane;* for his neighbourhood quality demonstrated itself just as truly in his New Jersey home as in New York, and he took opportunity in this book, with its contrasting views of country and city life, to testify to his love and appreciation of both.

In Nutley from 1890 to 1893, the writer had ample chance to see and to experience what a good neighbour Bunner could be and was. In a town made up principally of the families of commuters, he was often almost the only available man in the place in case of emergency in the daytime, when husbands and fathers were in the city; and he was always ready and eager to help, while he was almost inexhaustible in resource. Nothing was too much trouble for him to do in the service of a neighbour—and everybody was his neighbour.

He was as interested in township politics as he was in the great national questions of the day. He attended his party primaries like the good citizen he was, voted early, and spent the rest of election day in getting out the lukewarm voters, and, if necessary, driving with them to the polls. He was active in organising the village improvement society, and was an enthusiastic promoter of every local enterprise. His home life was ideal and idyllic. To know him was a liberal education. He was the best friend of almost every friend he ever had.

TO

H. C. BUNNER

Among my best I place your Book
O Poet of the breeze and brook!
(That breeze and brook that blows and falls
More softly 'neath a city's walls!)
Among my best:—and keep it still,
Till down the fair green-girdled hill,
Where slopes my garden-slip, there goes
The wandering wind that wakes the rose,
Or fans the cohort that explore
The blind-faced sunflowers o'er and o'er,
Or starts the leaguer bees that ply
Deep in the dwarf-convolvuli.

Then I shall take your Book and dream
I lie beside some haunted stream,
And watch the leaves that fall and pass,
And watch the flicker in the grass,
And wait—and wait—and wait, to see
The Nymph that never comes to me!

Austin Dobson.

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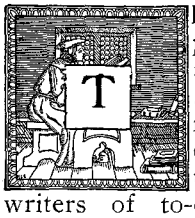
A NEW NOVELIST OF OLD IRELAND

BY WILLIAM ASPINWALL BRADLEY



HE novel, once more prolific and popular than any other literary form save, perhaps, the sentimental lyric, has suffered considerable neglect at the hands of the Irish writers of to-day. This may seem strange, but it is in reality easily explicable. The function of the novel is to describe life rather than to interpret it, and is the product of observation and humour more than of moral seriousness and emotional intensity. The Irish novel, in particular, has always displayed a peculiar buoyancy and has carried comic characterisation to the point of caricature—a fact now resented by those Irishmen who claim that the novels of Charles Lever and Samuel Lover are gross libels on the race. For the modern Irishman is nothing if not serious, and the Irish genius, newly awakened to a sense of beauty and of spiritual significance, is at present passing through a crisis of acute self-consciousness, accompanied by a state of lyric exaltation and tragic insight. For it, therefore, poetry affords the appropriate modes of expression, and in prose it turns instinctively to those briefer forms, the short story and the one-act play, in which poetic effects can be achieved through a rigid selection of material and a careful economy of style.

Doubtless this is but a passing phase and will be followed in due course by a period of relaxing tension when the novel, with its broad scope for the development of plot, portrayal of character, and description of manners, will reassert its claim both as a vehicle of art and a medium of rational amusement. Already, in the stories of Mr. G. A. Birmingham, five in number, which have recently been published here in all the dignity of a uniform edition, we have what may prove to be the first symptom of a general reaction. Though they deal with life in Ireland to-day, and more specifically with those very places of life developed dramatically by Synge, these stories, both in temper and in method, bear no relation to any recent tendencies in Irish literature. Indeed, they seem rather to renew the elder tradition of high spirits and horseplay humour. There is in them, it is true, none of that hard hunting and still harder drinking among the upper classes that we associate with Irish fiction; and the life of the people in a remote parish is less picturesque, more humdrum and commonplace, than we were accustomed to find it. Times have changed, even in Ireland. Manners have become modified there, as elsewhere. Land laws, a greater material prosperity, a more paternal government, and growing contact with the world through railroad and telegraph, have changed the face of society. But beneath the surface the spirit remains much the same, and the Irishman of to-day, as portrayed by Mr. Birmingham, is nearly identical with the Irishman as we have always known him—the same volatile and imaginative temperament, the same ingenious mind and convenient code of morality, the same attitude toward constituted authorities, the same sense of religious awe at once touched with poetic fancy and tempered by a kind of humorous scepticism.

Of course the lighter touches predominate in Mr. Birmingham's portrayal, which aims at nothing more than the momentary amusement of the reader. At the same time it must not be thought, that, so far as it goes, this portrayal is any less truthful than that of Synge, or that the author himself is any less familiar with the people whom he describes. Like his own eccentric hero, the Rev. J. J. Meldon, who plays so important a part in three of the stories, *Spanish Gold*, *The Simpkins Plot*, and *The Major's Niece*, Mr. Birmingham, whose real name is Hannay, has long lived as a curate among these people, and doubtless Ballymoy is a faithful transcription, under a fictitious name, of the very hamlet on the west coast which is still the scene of his clerical labours. The minor char-

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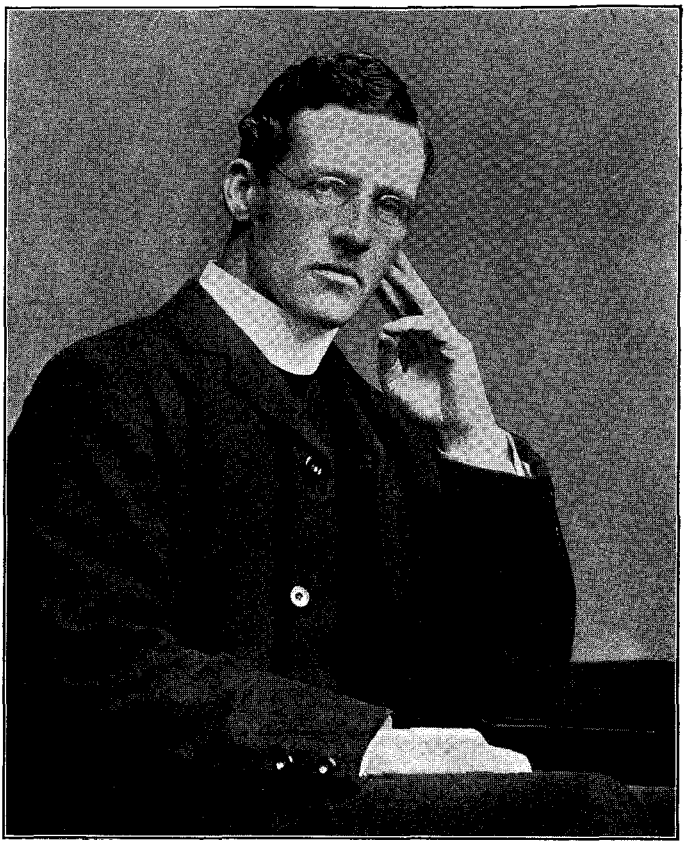

GEORGE BIRMINGHAM

acters, such as Doyle, the hotel-keeper, Doctor O'Donoghue, Patsy Devlin, the blackguardly blacksmith, the three constables in *The Search Party,* and all the slatternly female servants, Sabina, Bridgy, and the rest, have the air of having been closely studied from life both in their psychology and in their manner of speech. There are pages of dialogue —and very clever dialogue it is, too, full of inimitable drollery, natural ease, and quaint turns of expression—that read like scenes from *The Playboy.* Indeed, Synge and Birmingham closely corroborate each other in their dual representation of these west of Ireland folk, and there is even a touch of the former's sympathy and poetic insight in the novelist's description of the isolated islanders of Ineshglowan, in *Spanish Gold.*

Of the non-Irish characters and of those who, whether Irish or not, are of the place, but not of the people, it is not always possible to say so much, since many of them are too obviously devised to meet the requirements of farcical situations. Even the Rev. J. J. Meldon, although we suppose he may be meant to embody a certain type of Irish character, —a refinement of the wild harum scarum type of the older fiction, with a fondness for pranks and practical jokes, and with a sophistical wit and a ready, persuasive tongue,—seems rather a comic abstraction than a real person, in spite of the insistence laid upon certain unpleasant personal attributes. He seems less like a veritable portrayal than an invention of the author, albeit an ingenious and often amusing invention, for the purpose of developing a certain burlesque style of action or plot. It is here that Mr. Birmingham seems at his weakest. We understand that he began his career as a writer with several very serious novels about Ireland which failed and which have not

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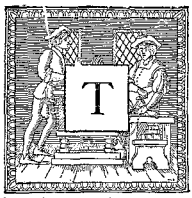
been reprinted. It would seem as if in his later work, he had deliberately gone to the other extreme, and in the desire for success had intentionally adopted a style of comic complication such as those who are familiar with an inferior type of contemporary British fiction will at once recognise. The most that one can say for him here, leaving to one side *Spanish Gold,* which is a capital take-off on the buried treasure motive, and *Lalage's Lovers,* which has no plot properly speaking, and is full of whimsical humour, is that, as far as possible, he redeems inferior material by most expert workmanship,—by speed, high spirits, and sheer story-telling virtuosity. He has a feeling for his genre that never forsakes him, and he never fails within its limits as Arnold Bennett does, for example, in *Helen with the High Hand,* a somewhat analogous work of farcical fiction. Indeed it may be said that Birmingham's novels are better than those of Bennett's which are based upon the same inherent unrealities. They are redeemed and raised to a higher level as fiction by what is soundly and pungently local in them, and by their more dexterous mingling of what is true and false in their representation of life so as to preserve a certain resemblance throughout.

Still, one would like to see this author do better and worthier work, farcical if he prefers, but with motives of farce drawn more directly from real life. A turn for philosophical satire which he displays, coupled with his talent for breezy burlesque and eccentric characterisation, suggests that he might indirectly gain some of those very ends for which he strove without success in his earlier work. The way has already been blazed by Mr. George Moore in the first volume of his *Ave atque Vale.* Certainly a Peacock could find material for a whole new series of *Headlong Halls* and *Nightmare Abbeys* in the romantic ideas and still more romantic personalities of the Irish literary revival, and in the activities of the Gaelic League. The stories mentioned have more than one good-natured gibe at Celtic sentimentalism. Mr. Birmingham might make himself immortal if, ceasing to satirise modern educational ideas, as in *The Major's Niece,* and the Stevensonian style of fiction, as in *Spanish Gold,* and the methods of modern politics, as in *Lalage's Lovers*—all of them time-honoured subjects for the satirist—he should seek to crystallise, under its comic aspect, the Irish interpretation of that transcendentalism which, wherever it breaks out, is always so rich in literary phosphates.

MANKIND IN THE MASS AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER



THE title to the present article represents a sort of forlorn hope, a makeshift, a futile attempt to sum up in four words something which cannot be adequately conveyed in less than a paragraph. It concerns the difficulty which modern realistic fiction, and more especially the fiction which deals with the life of our big cities, must face and overcome, if it is to represent the truth. The earlier generations of novelists, the pioneers in their craft, whether they laid their scenes in rural seclusion or in the busy, jostling centres of trade, blandly ignored the existence of the big, outside world, whenever it suited their purpose to do so. The small handful of human beings who made up the central interest of a story possessed a sort of enchanted power of moving from place to place without encountering any strangers on their way. If you recall the pages of Miss Austen's novels, you will realise that in her day

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English highways and byways must have been singularly solitary, and English villages strangely destitute of dwellings. In his occasional and reluctant drives from his own comfortable home, to assure himself of the continued welfare and happiness of "poor Miss Taylor," Mr. Woodhouse seems never to have passed any other human habitation than that of garrulous Miss Bates; and with the single exception of Harriet Smith's encounter with the gypsies, not a character in *Emma* ever seems to have found outsiders trespassing on his special prerogative of enjoying the public thoroughfares in privacy.

It would be a simple matter to multiply illustrations of this particular sort of lack of actuality in the earlier novelists. It was the natural consequence of that traditional and purely imaginative method of story-telling, the "Once-upon-a-Time type of narration," which conceived of all kinds of wonderful and thrilling events as happening in a sort of Never-never-Land, where the realities of a work-a-day world could not, by any possibility, intrude and interrupt. The romantic creed, which aimed at making the characters do what author and reader wanted them to do, rather than what they logically would have done, perpetrated a host of unconscious absurdities, and showed us the most intimate sort of domestic dramas enacted in the most public places, and apparently with no more fear of interruption than if in the seclusion of the heroine's boudoir. The present writer recalls a crowning instance of this sort, in a novel brought out by a New York publishing house barely a decade ago, a sentimental and somewhat melodramatic love story, the culminating scene of which takes place in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel at four o'clock in the afternoon, when hero and heroine "paused beneath the large clock, and having satisfied themselves, by a hasty glance, that there was no living being in sight, their lips met in a long kiss." It is a pity that the names of book and author have both passed into oblivion; any one capable of converting the centre of metropolitan life into a deserted village deserves at least the recognition of a fools-cap or a booby-prize.

It is not unlikely that the art of photography has done a good deal toward greater actuality of street scenes in fiction. The repeated experience of every possessor of a "snap-shot" camera, in finding that a carefully planned view has unwittingly included a number of undesired details, has made the intrusion of the outside world a familiar and accepted fact. More than that, the modern novelist has come to recognise that, if intelligently used, such intrusion, instead of being a detriment, is a valuable asset. Perhaps no one feature of latter-day fiction differentiates it so sharply from that of the early Victorian period than the sharp contrasts attained by seeing individual griefs and joys sharply silhouetted against the noisy indifference of the jostling, thronging surge of city life, the resistless floodtide of mankind in the mass. The ability to picture a crowd, so that the reader shall see as a crowd and not as an assemblage of individuals, is distinctly a modern achievement. An author who attempts, for instance, to give some idea of the endless procession of traffic, the army of workers and of pleasure-seekers, moving and eddying up and down Broadway, will waste his time if he contents himself with patiently and minutely describing a dozen carriages, a score of motor-cars, a hundred faces. The very leisureliness, the mere time consumed in making us see these separate individuals and conveyances, gives the lie direct to all idea of haste, confusion and countless numbers. The essence of the crowd is an impression of indistinguishable rapidity and complexity, of blurring vision, and discordant noise. And the first principle which the verbal painter of city streets must learn is that of painting impressions, rather than details, making us see the orderly ranks of a marching column, as a succession of gleams of sunlight on steel, a blur of proud and gallant colors, a swift, alternate stride in unison,—rather than a given number of polished bayonets, bright-buttoned uniforms, and trouser-encased human legs.

Now, the greatest drawback that a novelist can have, for the purposes of painting crowds, is what, for lack of better term, may be called a microscopic

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eye, an eye that insists upon observing details too small and remote for the unaided vision to recognise. We all know that the ugly green scum on a stagnant pool is made up of minute vegetation, containing forms of great beauty, when revealed under a powerful lens; but to the landscape painter, it is a splotch of yellow-green and nothing more. To the novelist, taking his stand beside a general watching a battle in progress a mile or two away, that distant, moving panorama, that confused patch of dust and smoke and fitful flare must be, first of all, nothing more nor less than what he sees, a titanic struggle of human force and heroism in the aggregate, and not so many broken bodies of anguished souls. It is a simple law of perspective that the human eye must always focus itself for some particular distance, and that all beyond that distance will become less and less distinct because smaller and smaller, and all this side of that distance will lack distinctness because out of focus. In fiction this principle has a still wider application; it is extended, and rightly so, from the mere descriptive portions of a story to its very structure and framework. The central idea, the leading characters are, so to speak, always in the centre of focus, and consequently most distinct; while the minor characters, the subordinate episodes, are quite rightly done more sketchily, even with a certain degree of blurring and shadowy indistinctness. And there are a few things that more unerringly show the born artist in fiction than that rare instinct that tells him just what portion of his personages and his narrative belongs in the central focus and what portions do not.

"The Department Store"

This quality of depicting crowds, not of any one kind, but of all sorts and conditions, is one of the most striking features of Margarete Böhme's recent novel, *W. A. G. M. U. S.*, just translated from the German under the less mysterious title of *The Department Store*. The simplest and briefest way to define this book is to say that it is a sort of German replica of Zola's *Au Bonheur des Dames*, a chronicle of the birth and growth of a colossal modern emporium, in the heart of Berlin, reaching out, octopus-like, to grasp and draw in, one after another, the adjoining business sites, and ruthlessly slaughtering the smaller competitors by systematically underselling them. In this respect the theme of the book is not new. The despair and animosity of the independent tradesmen, who in middle age see their source of livelihood wrested from them, the stubborn refusal of some to compromise and accept a salary in the hated department store, the enforced surrender of others to a titan whose growth is not to be checked, the jealousy and rivalry among the employees, the corruption and vice that breed secretly within its walls,—all this and much more like it has been done by Zola, and in some respects done better. Nevertheless, *The Department Store* is a distinctly remarkable book, a very readable book, and, to the average Anglo-Saxon reader, a far cleaner and pleasanter book than its French prototype. The surprising thing is that a woman should have written a book on this theme, with such a thoroughly virile grasp of the theme, and strong, bold, unflinching portrayal of its dramatic elements. You are not merely made to see the surge and rush of bargain day, the disciplined army of clerks working, like the separate cogs and wheels in some monster machine, driven at full pressure, the eager crowds, pushing, jostling, laughing, frowning, catching the contagion of the hour, yielding to the shopping craze,—you not only see all this, but you become actually part of it; you feel yourself caught and drawn along, gasping and breathless, in the very thick of the press, you almost start to take out your own pocket-book and buy recklessly of things that you in no wise want! This

The Department Store. By Margarete Böhme. Translated by Ethel Colburn Mayne. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Blinds Down. By Horace Annesley Vachell. New York: Doran Company.

The Lure. By E. S. Stevens. New York: John Lane Company.

The Chink in the Armour. By Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The Position of Peggy. By Leonard Merrick. New York: Mitchell Kennerley.

Oliver's Kind Women. By Philip Gibbs. Boston: Dana, Estes and Company.

The Night of Fires. By Anatole Le Braz. Translated by Frances M. Gostling. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

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sort of power is, in itself, deserving of cordial praise; but there is another and more unusual quality about this book which makes it worthy of careful study for the sake of its technique. A distinctive feature of German social life is that it is strongly gregarious. The family takes its pleasures and its sorrows in unison. Father and mother, grandparents and grandchildren, flock together for their Sunday outings, doubly contented in the sense of union. Now this sort of social life cannot be treated in the sweeping, impressionistic manner of crowds; we must become acquainted with the individuals, get a sense of the friendly clash of opinions, family debates, the varying influence and authority of different degrees of relationship, marriage connections, cousinships to the third and fourth degree. This gift Margarete Böhme possesses to a very unusual degree. Whether it is an afternoon reception, to meet the future bride of the eldest son, a formal business meeting of the officers of a corporation, an impromptu gathering on a Sunday evening, turned on the spur of the moment into an impromptu dance,—in one and all of such occasions where people, anywhere from a half dozen to a score and upwards, are presented to the reader, they are shown to us each distinctly labelled by just one telling phrase, a single salient epithet, that stamps them beyond the danger of confusion. To go into the details of the main story underlying *The Department Store* would be of little purpose here. It is too complex, too crowded, to lend itself to a brief epitome. It contains the life history of a dozen families, in all the various social strata of the Prussian capital, a sweeping and comprehensive bird's-eye view of German manners and customs, in the social world and half-world alike. More specifically, it narrates the rise into eminence and commanding wealth of Joshua Manassa, later Joshua Müllenburg, founder of "Emporium Limited, Müllenburg and Sons;" and the private history of the elder son, Friedrich, destined eventually to be the controlling power in the firm, and to learn to love little Karen Nickelson, who works her way up from shop-girl to the head of the art department,—and in this respect the book once again is reminiscent of Octave Mouret and Denise, in *Au Bonheur des Dames*. But well done though they are, the individuals in *The Department Store* take a secondary place. The store itself unquestionably plays the leading rôle, a triumphant, juggernaut rôle over crushed and broken lives. The author does not take sides; she shows the facts, and leaves the reader to do his own thinking in regard to modern business methods.

"Blinds Down"

Blinds Down, by Horace Annesley Vachell, is a study of the devastation wrought in a few human lives by the mistaken policy of ignoring the existence of the crowd, the persistent practice of pulling down the blinds upon the outside world, and ignoring the unsavoury facts of life. This was the fixed and unalterable policy of the honourable Misses Mauleverer, social arbiters of the small English village of Charminster. The physical symbol of their attitude was the actual spectacle of blinds perpetually lowered on one side of their home, the side that faced Hog Alley. This alley was a disgraceful rookery, where disease and drunkenness flourished; and although it had the impudence to flaunt itself almost up to their very door, the Mauleverer sisters closed their eyes to its existence. Now, there was a third sister, Rosetta, daughter of their father's second wife,—and strive as they would, they could never inculcate in her that exaggerated delicacy of mind, that calm ignorance of everything savouring of ill-breeding, that rose-leaf refinement which was a hereditary stamp of the Mauleverers. Rosetta was, in consequence, a perpetual thorn in the flesh of her adoring, yet perplexed sisters and mentors, and never more so than when it became evident that she had fallen in love with Septimus Lovibond, son of the rector of Charminster. Not only did the Misses Mauleverer have more ambitious plans for Rosetta, but young Lovibond was suspected of possessing unorthodox views and sitting in judgment upon his own father. So, with the connivance of an influential relative, they succeeded in having a tempting offer made to Septimus of a position in India, with every hope of

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rapid advancement. Seeing in this offer a chance to win the fame and fortune which would bring him within reach of Rosetta, Septimus gladly accepted, and the lovers parted, vowing constancy, and looking forward to a speedy reunion. But a few months later, the news came that Septimus had been badly mauled by a tiger, was still dangerously weak, and minus an arm, was slowly struggling back to life, a mere broken wreck of a man. Later he wrote from New Zealand, offering to release her, and enclosing a photograph of himself which, more plainly than his letter, told of his shattered physique. Under pressure from her sisters, and in the face of Septimus's own wishes, Rosetta yielded and did what was expected of a Mauleverer, marrying for wealth and position a man old enough to be her father and wicked enough to deserve hanging. After a few years of silent misery, a time came when Rosetta forgot she was a Mauleverer. Fate amused itself by taking her and her husband to Africa just at the time when Septimus, at last fairly convalescent, drifted there also. Some extra brutality on the part of the husband resulted in Rosetta's elopement with Septimus, and the sending of a brief message from the enraged husband to the Misses Mauleverer, with whom their one child had been left, "Rosetta is dead. Her child may remain in your care." At this point the first half of the book ends. The sisters, because they are Mauleverers, are spared the knowledge, which is common property of the rest of the world, that Rosetta is not dead, but disgraced, and for nearly another generation the blinds remain down upon the truth. The second half of the book relates how the sisters, not realising their failure in their first attempt at education, try to bring up Rose, the daughter of Rosetta, on the same "sheltered life" principle, and how this time they find the younger generation to be of stauncher stuff, and not to be shaped at their will, to the destruction of her individuality and her happiness. The book is full of kindly wisdom and subtle insight. One cannot help exclaiming from time to time, "how well this author understands human nature!" The book is an eloquent plea for flinging the blinds open to the truths of life, and giving the younger generation a fair opportunity to solve their problems understandingly.

"The Lure"

The Lure, by E. S. Stevens, is frankly a disappointment, coming from the pen that wrote that distinctly able story of Northern Africa, *The Veil.* The trouble with *The Lure* is that it is uneven, a piece of structure that breaks in the middle, a discordant mixture of realism and melodrama, in which the characters, if they do not actually belie themselves, at least give not the slightest hint in the earlier half of the book, of the extraordinary temperamental possibilities that they possess. The first half is really worth while. Anna Moorhouse, "a tall, thin, coltish girl of twenty-two," is well portrayed, and her character and predicament grip the attention at once with a force out of all proportion to their very moderate importance. There is nothing unusual in a young girl with a fair modicum of brains, who is forced to earn her own living. Still less is it extraordinary for such a girl to think of journalism as a happy solution of her troubles. The element of the unusual in *The Lure* is a certain magic touch of personality in just a few of the characters, a touch that, despite all the crudity of this book, promises well for the future. Huntly Goss, the Great Huntly Goss, editor of *The Orb,* is a creation to be proud of,—at least he would have been, if the author had been content to let him remain the delightful charlatan and humbug that he so obviously is throughout the first half of the story, instead of translating him into a sort of sublimated "Desperate Desmond." The whole of the first half is a thoroughly enjoyable satire on unscrupulous journalistic methods, and the way in which a clever and suave charlatan cajoles social luminaries into parting with their money, for the pleasure of seeing themselves exalted in print. Anne Moorhouse's little flirtation with the Great Goss was not half as desperate or as compromising as she, herself, imagined it to be,—in fact, her simplicity must have bored him rather sadly when it ceased to amuse him; and after she had found somebody she really loved, she might have forgotten the whole affair with a clear conscience. But, in-

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stead, the author asks us to believe that Anne and her husband happened, later on, to meet Goss and his wife, the faded, middle-aged wife, whose existence he carefully concealed during his brief, meteoric career in London,—on a trip up the Nile; that Goss made most insulting and unwarranted advances to his former star reporter, and that he amuses himself between-times in slowly poisoning his wife and devising ingenious plans for doing away with a second encumbrance, a half-witted son. It is phenomenal that an author capable of such clever work as was contained in *The Veil* and in the earlier chapters of the present volume should be so lacking in the power of self-criticism as to perpetrate such a tissue of absurdities as comprise its second half.

"The Chink in the Armour"

The Chink in the Armour, by Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes, is another of those stories of mystery and crime to which she so unexpectedly turned her considerable literary talent a couple of years ago. The setting of the story is a miniature Monte Carlo, which we are asked to accept as existing in close proximity to Paris. The central event is the disappearance of a young Polish lady, a confirmed gambler, who on the eve of her mysterious vanishing is known to have won enviable sums at baccarat. And the story is seen chiefly through the eyes of a young Englishwoman, who has come to this gambling resort out of friendship for Anna Wolsky, whose disappearance keenly distresses her, and the mystery of which she solves, almost at the cost of her own life. The trouble with the book is chiefly the fault of too great transparency. It would take a rather dull-witted person not to see through the transparent friendliness of the mysterious cosmopolitan couple, the Wachners, to whom we are introduced early in the story, the man with an unnatural engrossment in his "system," the woman too incredibly good-natured, with her perpetual guttural laugh, that echoes through the book, like an ill-omened *leitmotiv.* Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes has a theory, and a rather unfortunate one, that all the characters in a story, regardless of their relative importance, should be drawn with equal care and minuteness. She has a curious and illogical idea that this method represents our experiences in real life, failing to realise that the people we meet are never seen with uniform clearness, but always in a steadily diminishing perspective, until the least important of them melt away into the indistinguishable ranks of the unknown crowd. It is interesting to glance over the various reviews of Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes's several volumes. Over and over again, one finds the same criticism advanced by reviewers of all sorts and conditions, namely, that her central characters do not stand out as they should,—and here and there a critic more perspicuous than the rest suggests that it is because she has obscured her canvas by devoting a disproportionate space to the personages of secondary importance. All this is pathetically true; and her besetting sin is again in evidence in the present volume. Her portrait painting is always admirable; but she will never produce a novel of the first magnitude until she learns to practise a more rigid scheme of proportion.

"The Position of Peggy"

The Position of Peggy, by Leonard Merrick, adds one more volume of fiction devoted to the joys and sorrows of the footlights and of dramatic authorship. Peggy herself is just an average little person, possessed of no big ideals, but quite docile, complacently sure of herself, and capable, under adequate tuition, of developing enough talent to star successfully in parts carefully cut to her measure. Also, she is the sort of young woman with whom past favours, old acquaintance, the patient devotion of years, would all count for nothing if they stood in the way of her advancement. As one looks back upon the book, one realises how extremely clever its title is. Peggy's position, whether at the bottom or the top rung of the theatrical ladder, is of small importance, so far as our interest in her takes us; she is, first, last and all the time, a selfish little beast, amply able to take care of herself. But Peggy's position, through the inevitable network of intricate relationships with which fate all the time insists upon enmeshing every human life, vitally affects many others,

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besides herself; and it is for their sakes that we are forced to feel concern as we watch her upward career. The volume is not especially important, save for its clear-eyed understanding of life.

"Oliver's Kind Women"

Oliver's Kind Women, by Philip Gibbs, is an unpretentious little volume which ought to bring a keen joy to the exceptional reader who appreciates independence in theme and in method. Mr. Gibbs's hero is not a pleasing personality. In fact, if he were not so completely self-deceived as to his importance in the universe and his duties toward his fellow-man, he would be an insufferable cad. Indeed, he comes very near being so as it is. Here briefly are the facts: Oliver Lumley is the younger brother in a family of three. His father, slowly driving himself to death in the endless grind of a humble clerkship, is nevertheless possessed of just enough pardonable pride to think himself very fortunate in having begotten a son capable of breaking in to the field of literature. So, when Oliver achieves the proud distinction of getting two or three of his short stories into the magazines, and decides that the free development of his talent needs the atmosphere of Bohemian London,—which, in prosaic terms of pounds, shillings and pence, required parental aid,—the poor, overdriven father found himself cajoled into pledging a sovereign a week for the experimental first year. One of Oliver's first stories dealt with certain distressing conditions in London slums. It so far appealed to a certain wealthy young woman living in the country, that in a charitable impulse she wrote the author an enthusiastic letter, enclosing a ten pound cheque to be spent, as he saw fit, upon deserving charity. In Oliver's eyes there was no more deserving charity than his own immediate needs, and his acknowledgment of the cheque was proportionately enthusiastic. It is not necessary to pursue this analysis in greater detail. The volume is a delightfully ironical portrayal of the masterly manner in which a young man, handicapped by colossal egotism and a lack of all finer instincts, manages to feather his own nest delightfully, at the expense of every woman who has the misfortune to love him,—and there are many of them,—until he finally meets an exceptional woman whose combination of vast tenderness with iron-clad adherence to duty utterly routs his carefully laid plan and brings about a salutary humiliation. The book deserves a success far beyond anything which, under existing conditions, it is likely to achieve.

"The Night of Fires"

In conclusion, it seems well to devote a brief paragraph to calling attention to a volume of very exceptional quality which has just been given to the English-speaking public from the French of Anatole Le Braz,—*The Night of Fires.* It is not a volume that fits into the scheme of the present article; it is only a collection of Breton tales and sketches, done with a sympathetic understanding such as hardly any other than Anatole Le Braz could do them. With Mankind in the Mass it has nothing to do, save in a purely negative way; it is essentially and consistently individualistic,—just as all folk stories and fables deal with individuals,—individuals that stand as types, symbols more or less universal of human needs and desires, thus completing the circle. For the Æsop's fable, or the story of Cinderella, although it concerns itself with an isolated wolf and lamb, or a single neglected damsel in a chimney corner, nevertheless gets back, by the universality of its application, to the general public, to Mankind in the Mass. *The Night of Fires* is not, strictly speaking, fiction; it has the value of historical documents. Although these tales reveal to us the spirit of Brittany as she is to-day, one feels, not merely the curious clash or compromise, call it what you will, between the Church of Rome and Paganism, but infinitely more than this: a survival, such as has few parallels, of customs, and beliefs, and rituals, infinitely remote, which, although blending with marvellous adroitness into the requirements of modern Christianity, nevertheless bear the hall marks of an origin antedating recorded history. It would be unfair to close this brief mention without paying tribute to the faithful and painstaking translation of Frances M. Gostling.

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TEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

William Archer's "Play Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship"*

This book has long been desired, and there is no man in the world better equipped to write it. Illuminating and accomplished, it follows a golden path between the theatrical theatre just perfected and the untheatrical theatre just beginning in revolt. Students of the drama who are bewildered with the confused shouts of the opposing camps may derive from this treatise a sane reckoning of where the truth of dramatic art lies. Further, it is admirably what its title claims for it and should be of genuine value to the playwright. Not often may one find a subject so well and comprehensively discussed.

There are no rules for writing a play —begins Mr. Archer persuasively—and the "don'ts" which are not obvious are apt to be questionable. All you can profitably do is to call attention to some of the play's problems and possibilities.

The first step is to choose either the subject or the story; or rather—if your work is to be in any sense vital—to let either choose you. If the subject or theme chooses you, be careful lest it obtrusively predominate over the human and concrete factors of the story. This latter is of small weight as a work of art unless character at a very early point conditions its development. A play can exist without anything which can be called character, however, but not without some sort of action; and thus plot is its fundamental element though not that by which its value must be measured.

The definition of drama as a struggle is neither inclusive nor differentiating. Most fiction deals with struggle, while neither *Othello* nor *Ghosts* can be said to depict a struggle except in the most quibbling sense. A stand-up fight of will to will may be the intensest form of drama, but it is the rarest. Hence it is not necessary to reject a theme or story as undramatic because it involves no clash of wills. Yet Mr. Archer goes on to say that if we change "struggle" to "obstacle," the theory has certain practical usefulness. When one feels that the curtain might as well have fallen in the middle of the first act, the play is as futile as when an obstacle is manufactured out of some trumpery misunderstanding which dispenses with common sense. Even in *The Great Divide* one feels that the happy ending is only being postponed with a violent effort. The real essence of drama is crisis: and the drama is the art of crisis as fiction is the art of gradual developments. The dramatist deals in rapid and startling changes, the outcome, perhaps, of slow processes but actually occurring in brief spaces of time. The kind of crisis which is fit material for drama is one that can be made to develop through a series of minor crises involving emotional excitement. Many crises in life, like illnesses and law-suits, do not thus develop and hence are not stuff for plays. The dramatic way of treating incidents is staccato rather than legato. To give what has been for some time expected a sudden thrill of novelty and unexpectedness is the quintessence of the dramatic. Yet the reaction against the traditional dramatic is not wholly mistaken, for it is a valuable corrective of conventional theatricalism.

Though a scenario should be made early in the game, vital characters have a way of developing themselves and demanding constant readjustments. Thus the scheme should be kept fluid and plastic as long as possible. Never visualise the stage so much as the real locality. The name of a character must be characteristic but it need not be a label and should not be eccentric. The playwright must assume that the audience has no previous knowledge of his story.

Not even the most rebellious playwright has tried to diminish the importance of his beginning. Where this is depends chiefly on the nature of his crisis and on the desired impression. Under modern conditions it is difficult to get the whole crisis within the frame of the

*Play Making: A Manual of Craftsmanship. By William Archer. New York: Small, Maynard and Company.

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picture, and recourse must be had to exposition. When this cannot be thoroughly dramatised—wrung out in the stress of action from the characters concerned—it may be dismissed rapidly and even conventionally by any not too improbable device. When the audience is required to attend to an exposition of some length, some attempt ought to be made to awaken beforehand an interest in the characters concerned; they should desire the information being conveyed.

Acts mark the time stages in the development of a given crisis; and each act ought to embody a minor crisis. The prime essential of the first act is that it carry us clearly some way toward the germination of the main crisis. For the conduct of the entire play one must remember that the fostering of expectation is of prime importance. To engender, suspend, heighten, and resolve a state of tension is the aim of the playwright. The main tension once installed must never be relaxed, but it may be suspended temporarily to advantage. The respite, however, must be deliberate and purposeful and brief. Again, the playwright must place finger-posts on the road he would have us follow. Retrospective elucidations are valueless and often irritating, and besides we may appear to ourselves to be wandering when we really are making progress if we only knew it.

On the stage every bullet should have its billet. The due proportion between preparation and result is of great moment; and even when the result is remarkable we may feel that we have paid too dearly for it. Over preparation is the characteristic vice of the "well-made play." The obligatory scene is the one which the audience more or less consciously foresees and desires, for logical or dramatic or structural or psychological or historic reasons. Mr. Archer's illustrations of these various reasons are exceedingly interesting. A scene may appear obligatory, however, when only its repercussion is necessary. As a scene of extreme vividness is generally found to be one wherein tables are turned, the playwright should ask himself if his theme will naturally or probably admit an experience of this kind. The sudden collapse of security or resurrection from despair is a concentrated crisis.

Plausibility is of more importance than demonstrable probability, because the stage is the realm of appearances not realities. A playwright is justifiable in letting chance play its normal part in his story, but we immediately balk at coincidence except in farce. Logic in the "well-made play" is too often forced on the attention, but the spectator should never be baffled and disturbed by its absence. The familiar maxim that the playwright must never keep a secret from the audience requires much qualification—the true art lies in telling it just at the right time. But a secret that is kept at all must be adjudged by the audience worth keeping.

If good last acts were as easy as good first acts, our masterpieces would be trebled. They are more difficult because crises have a definite beginning but not often a definite end. In life they generally come to some petty compromise or simply subside. It should thus be recognised that an unemphatic last act is often a natural development; and that thus there are many justified and artistic anticlimaxes. But an unemphatic ending need not be blurred and without point. It sometimes seems as if Mr. Galsworthy would rather die than drop his curtain on an effective line. The spectator should feel that the moment for the curtain is rightly chosen. Endings brought about by changes of volition not rendered plausible by new facts or motives are obviously theatrical; those depending on changes of sentiment must be convincingly externalised. Death on the stage confers a sort of distinction which should not be accorded without sufficient cause; and no one ought merely to escape from a difficulty by it. Suicide should be the artist's last resort, and he must make sure that he has probed deep enough to make the august intervention of death seem other than an incongruity. The playwright cannot too soon make sure whether the only possible outcome of his play will satisfy the something in us that demands satisfaction. *Measure for Measure* and *Monna Vanna* take us into situations no amount of tact can make satisfactory; we merely wish we

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had not been called upon to contemplate them.

Algernon Tassin.

II

John Lafarge's "Masterpieces of Painting"*

This work is published uniform in style with the author's previous volume, *Great Masters,* and as in the case of that book, the essays which comprise the new volume were originally prepared for periodical publication in a magazine. They were admirably adapted for that purpose, but they appear to even better advantage in collected form. For example, several of the longer articles in the magazine were broken into two, three, and even four parts; and while the actual, physical division is here retained, the pieces now fit together in continuous sequence, and overcome the impression of fragmentariness and desultoriness of treatment unavoidable in the original method of presentation.

The scheme which Mr. Lafarge adopted for his *Hundred Masterpieces* is precisely the opposite of that employed in *Great Masters,* and is naturally more interesting from the personal or autobiographical point of view, since it involves a far more complicated process of selection. These essays, constituting, as they do, a cross-section of art through the ages, are, in reality, a series of very intimate and penetrating meditations upon the nature and means of artistic expression, and, on the whole, they contain less criticism than emotion and revery. These reach their deepest note in such essays as "Dreams of Happiness" and "The Sadness of Certain Portraits," though they pervade all the chapters, taking on a special and very charming tenderness in "Portraits of Children," and in the exquisitely playful description of Titian's "Story of Fertility" in *Allegories—Part Two:*

> Most of these little loves are winged, and those who are not, if any, would soon see them sprout, if needed. So they fly about, those that like, and gather fruit from trees above: the wish that every child must have before the days of climbing is answered at once for them. And others cry, "Come down, come back; there's plenty here, and we have basketsful." So they have and are cramming for dear life. But the fruit still drops down; some catch it cleverly; one big ball has fallen on an astonished baby's head; in that land of allegory fruit is always ripe and soft, and cannot hurt the softest baby. And others cry, "We have found a rabbit"; whereupon they tumble over one another for proper or undivided possession. You can see one winged one plunging from the trees right down on the frightened beast and its little circle of admiring owners. One baby protests at all this selfishness; his little face puts on the only mark of discontent, which would leave it if he too could get into the ring of fine proprietors. No, there is another: he is being choked by another from pure affection or because some one wants his apple as much as he. Two in our near foreground kiss each other—baby boy, perhaps, and baby girl—in that sudden affection we have so often seen. We can even, I think, make out which kisses and which lets itself be kissed. And there will be a fight soon; a youngster in the foreground is aiming an arrow at another's apple—as in the story of William Tell.
>
> Meanwhile, in all the big tumble, one has had enough, and is down on his back and is soon fast asleep.
>
> Meanwhile, one of Mamma's girls—on the right there—calls to the winged ones above, with an empty basket held far out. Is it a request to fill it or a ruse to get them down out of mischief? Far off a little circle of cupids dance in a ring with one long scarf to trip them.
>
> On all this picture of baby bliss, of cheerful plenty, the statue of their Divine Mother looks down.

Thus, with much more than mere literary grace and skill, Mr. Lafarge divines and responds to what is deeply and humanly felt by Titian himself—perhaps, with a note of modern sentiment which suggests Swinburne and Maeterlinck, develops the mood even beyond the painter's playful intention—in this gaily innocent Anacreontic conceit. At the same time he misses none of the allegorical implications—the general idea embodied in a particular scene, to adopt his own

*One Hundred Masterpieces of Painting. By John Lafarge. Illustrated. Cloth. Garden City and New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 1912.

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definition,—which makes of this picture, as it were, a miniature and embryonic foreshadowing of the great world of humanity with all its principles of action, and all its motives of passionate desire, clearly imprinted in the design.

It is this quality of sympathy and insight, this power to perceive and to prolong the meaning of a picture, that, in spite of his rare technical knowledge and understanding, constitute Mr. Lafarge's major claim to rank as a critic, and that makes him, even more, a charming poet and a profound philosopher of life.

Cleveland Palmer.

III

Mary Antin's "The Promised Land"*

With the air full of muck-raking and a sober self-questioning possessing our people; with our political institutions failing adequately to record the conscious needs of all the classes and new forms of expression boisterously endeavouring to meet those demands, a book such as Mary Antin has written will do much to dissolve the gentle cynicism we take toward our so-called democracy. To the author of this very remarkable autobiography the United States is the fulfilment of a dream measured by the conditions she left behind her in a Russian village. To those of us who feel we have never had an ideal democracy in this country and that it is yet to be achieved, the sharp contrasts presented in *The Promised Land* will be a reminder of our growth in government and an encouragement as to our inherent possibilities. Yet full as this volume is of sociological significance, it is mainly important as a human document. While it reveals intimate phases of the immigrant problem, and vividly pictures the transplantation of a Jewish family from the poverty-stricken districts of Russia to the slums of an American city, with all the collateral difficulties of adjustment, it still leaves the impression of a psychological study of a very unusual and far from typical immigrant. In fact, in spite of the glorification of the opportunities which lay awaiting her here, in educational and external advantages, we feel the success of Mary Antin's experiment with our democracy lay in herself rather than in what was offered her. There would be fewer problems troubling us if all the vast hordes of immigrants who flood our shores were such as she. The test is how we meet the average, not the prodigy; and therein lies most of our failure in grappling with the situation. While our slums, in which the immigrant must live, remain, problems of mal-adjustment, crime and disease persist—and we have many slums. With this reservation in mind we can follow her eloquent pages, unique in observation and voicing as they do much that would otherwise be silent. So intimately, too, do her own reactions shade to her environments that the two are inseparable.

She, however, feels there is nothing unusual in writing her story, since she is endowed with expression.

> It is because I understand my history, in its larger outlines, to be typical of many, that I consider it worth recording. My life is a concrete illustration of a multitude of statistical facts. Although I have written a genuine personal memoir, I believe that its chief interest lies in the fact that it is illustrative of scores of unwritten lives. I am only one of many whose fate it has been to live a page of modern history.—I began life in the Middle Ages, as I shall prove, and here am I still, your contemporary in the twentieth century, thrilling with your latest thought.
>
> This is a tale of immortal life. Should I be sitting here, chattering of my infantile adventures, if I did not know that I was speaking for thousands? Would you be sitting there, attending to my chatter, while the world's work waits, if you did not know that I spoke also for you? I might say "you" or "he" instead of "I." Or I might be silent, while you spoke for me and the rest, but for the accident that I was born with a pen in my hand, and you without. We love to read the lives of the great, yet what a broken history of mankind they give, unless supplemented by the lives of the humble! But while the great can speak for themselves, or by the tongues of their admirers, the humble are apt to live inarticulate and die unheard. It is well that now and then one is born among the simple with a taste for self-revelation. The man or

*The Promised Land. By Mary Antin. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1912.

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woman thus endowed must speak, will speak, though there are only the grasses in the field to hear, and none but the wind to carry the tale.—We are not born all at once, but by bits. The body first, and the spirit later.

By the Middle Ages she means Polotzk, Russia, within the "Pale of Settlement," where the Czar commanded the Jews to stay. Early in life she found the world divided into Jews and Gentiles. At first a shock to her, she gradually grew familiar with the shackles imposed upon her race.

The first time Vanka threw mud at me, I ran home and complained to my mother, who brushed off my dress and said, quite resignedly, "How can I help you, my poor child? Vanka is a Gentile. The Gentiles do as they like with us poor Jews." The next time Vanka abused me, I did not cry, but ran for shelter, saying to myself, "Vanka is a Gentile." The third time when Vanka spat on me, I wiped my face and thought nothing at all. I accepted ill-usage from the Gentiles as one accepts the weather. The world was made in a certain way, and I had to live in it.

With this grew a fear of the Cross which resulted in a strict observance of all the ritual of her belief; for oppression intensified a love of the one thing that was free in her heart. She saw about her, too, a horror at military service and all the self-inflicted mutilations many of the Jews practised in order to escape it. It is a vivid series of incidents she remembers of those early years to afford a background of her newer life here: The superstitions, and limited schooling—more restricted, of course, for the girls, since "woman was for no other purpose than to be a wife"—the wedding customs and all ritual peculiarities, and the struggles against legal discriminations which made of life a long uncertainty. The indomitable spirit of the author, however, was not stifled in this atmosphere; indeed at times she seemed very happy, since she knew nothing of better conditions in the outside world. Many pretty incidents are remembered that show the light as well as shadow which may rest solely in the spirit.

I remember once standing on the river bank with a little boy, when a quantity of lumber was floating down on its way to the distant saw-mill. A log and a board crowded each other near where we stood. The board slipped by first, but presently it swerved and swung partly around. Then it righted itself with the stream and kept straight on, the lazy log following behind. Said Zalmen to me, interpreting: "The board looks back and says, 'Log, log, you will not go with me? Then I will go on by myself.'" That boy was called simple, on account of such speeches as this. I wonder in what language he is writing poetry now.

But her thirst for learning soon manifested itself, and with it came, quite naturally, a questioning. She began to test the superstitions to find them ridiculous; the "blind flowers" did not blind her eyes nor did Jehovah thunder when she deliberately walked out beyond the house limits on the Sabbath with her handkerchief in her pocket. Here was seed for the doubter she finally became—but the questioning was temperamental. Character bits such as these could be multiplied, yet they were only indications of tendencies which the greater mental freedom of her transplantation were to bring to full time. This new life began when her father finally sent for his family and they entered the tenements of Boston.

During his three years probation, my father had made a number of false starts in business. His history for that period is the history of thousands who come to America, like him, with pockets empty, hands untrained to the use of tools, minds cramped by centuries of repression in their native land. Dozens of these men pass under your eyes every day, my American friend, too absorbed in their honest affairs to notice the looks of suspicion which you cast at them, the repugnance with which you shrink from their touch. You see them shuffle from door to door with a basket of spools and buttons, or bending over the sizzling irons in a basement tailor shop, or rummaging in your ash can, or moving a pushcart from curb to curb, at the command of the burly policeman. "The Jew peddler" you say, and dismiss him from your premises and your thoughts, never dreaming that the sordid drama of his days may have a moral that concerns you. What if the creature with the untidy beard carries in his bosom his citizenship papers? What if the cross-legged tailor is supporting a boy in college who is one day going to mend your

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State Constitution for you? What if the ragpicker's daughters are hastening over the ocean to teach your children in the public schools? Think, every time you pass the greasy alien on the street, that he was born thousands of years before the oldest native American; and he may have something to communicate to you, when you two shall have learned a common language. Remember that his very physiognomy is a cipher, the key to which it behooves you to search for most diligently.

For the first time Mary Antin knew the meaning of patriotism; she felt America belonged to her. In spite of all the poverty of her surroundings, the sordidness of the little tenements in which she was destined to live for some years, her own spirit continued to reach out to embrace all the opportunities at hand. In many ways it is an unusual story she tells, of rare friendships and unexpected rewards; most of all at the start was that which came to the parents at her phenomenal success at school. Her father had not gained the living he had expected for his family, but he could have the freedom of his thoughts, could test his own fate, and give his children an education. Yet the family did not escape the problems inevitable in any such violent change of environment when the new speaks to the old.

The price that all of us paid for this disorganisation of our family life has been levied on every immigrant Jewish household where the first generation clings to the traditions of the Old World, while the second generation leads the life of the New. Nothing more pitiful could be written in the annals of the Jews; nothing more inevitable; nothing more hopeful.

With the release, that came to the children from the rigidity of the old belief which the father had renounced, the children were thrown upon the freedom of the streets. Chaos came naturally to the little family, and through it the parents themselves must needs learn what was "American." Normal family relations were consequently inverted.

This sad process of disintegration of home life may be observed in almost any immigrant family of our class and with our traditions and aspirations. It is part of the process of Americanisation; an upheaval preceding the state of repose. It is the cross that the first and second generations must bear.

Even these brief extracts will give some idea of the vision with which the author interprets the facts of her life. But no phrasing could catch her naïve and pleasant egotism, nor the peculiar and subtle reactions one meets at every page. Her capacity for sheer physical joy at all the new things which are brought her and her interpretation of them as examples of our democracy, if not always convincing as to verity, are certainly sincere. It is easy to see that her personality must have been as unusual as her mind, by the way in which the gates were opened for her. And she is not ungrateful for all the help of teachers and friends; she merely felt that what she would become would be the justification. If she contributes nothing else than *The Promised Land* she will have repaid.

George Middleton.

IV

William Hard's "The Women of To-Morrow"*

The effects of the industrial revolution on man and his labours have formed the basis of most of our modern economic and sociological dissertations. But in the consideration of woman and her changing relation to the work of the community there has been, until recently, a persistent predisposition to explain the entire phenomenon on a psychological basis. Economists and near-economists have examined the statistics with horror, lamented the postponement of marriage and the decline of the birth-rate as compared with Colonial days, placing the blame for changed conditions largely on some mental revolution taking place in the feminine mind. They frequently close their not over-thoughtful remarks with an emotional appeal to women to leave the hideous industrial world and return to the beautiful Colonial country homes of their grandmothers, who are supposed to have reared healthy families of no less

*The Women of To-Morrow. By William Hard. New York: Baker and Taylor, 1912.

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than twelve children each. Now comes Mr. Hard's *Women of To-Morrow* approaching in an easy readable fashion this whole question from a totally different angle. He has observed this change which is taking place in the lives of most women and he has phrased in popular form this new attitude. He has recognised, too, that so general a world-wide change cannot be interpreted on a pschychological basis, but must be explained by a deeper economic cause. Mr. Hard is not the discoverer of this new angle of vision—several pioneer thinkers have been persecuted for the expression of this point of view—but his book, though based on sound thought and careful investigation, is written in a graphic popular style, easily read and grasped. The author shows quite clearly that whereas in Colonial days nearly all women worked in their fathers' or husbands' homes, the industrial revolution has created a great margin of leisure for humanity; it has divided women into those who work in centralised industry—the economically independent—and those who inherit this margin of leisure. This second group is subdivided into those whom he calls The Wasters, "who enjoy without service rendered and without fatigue endured," and those others—The Mothers of the World—who dedicate their leisure to useful civic activity.

He points out in the first chapter, called Love Deferred, that man as well as woman is responsible for the modern postponement of marriage. Yet, in the last analysis, not they are to be blamed, but the modern highly specialised industrial system which has lengthened the period of preparation for service, and, also, the further financial freedom necessary to establish a family. Indicating the economic burden which the modern wife imposes on the man who feels he must support her according to the standard of living she enjoys in her father's house, Mr. Hard shows the social problem that must arise from an extensive delay of marriage unless the modern woman is not bound by the traditional belief that a wife should be supported by her husband. As the Colonial wife contributed the service of domestic labour—weaving and the like—to her husband's home, so the modern wife contributes money. She pools her economic interest with her husband's, thus making marriage possible and bridging the period of financial difficulty till she is free to be a mother. The modern families may be smaller than the Colonial, but, as reliable statistics reveal, the women of that generation married earlier and died earlier, and their children were usually reared by second and third wives of the same father. Each wife, therefore, bore only an average of 3.89 children—this suggesting, in all probability, that the modern wife's productivity compares favourably.

Mr. Hard shows that just as the industrial revolution has brought a change in the work of women, there has resulted a corollary change in their education. He classifies these two new educational needs of women under the suggestive chapter heads: "Learning for Earning," and "Learning for Spending." The gap between school and marriage which the modern industrial system imposes upon girls becomes with many a period when they must be self-supporting. This necessity for economic independence demands specialised preparation. In response to this need for technical training, trade schools are being established in the great industrial centres and "vocational training" for women is being introduced in many of the colleges. During the period of a woman's life after marriage, she usually becomes the manager of the home; and here, too, she is finding need of special training, in order to "choose and use the world's resources intelligently on behalf of family and community." This is the field the new science of Home Economics is endeavouring to meet.

In his chapter on The Wasters, Mr. Hard, with his faculty for keen observation and his capacity for humanising statistics, gives us a remarkable picture of the type of woman who inherits this margin of human leisure, but who does not realise that all leisure is the product of others' work. She is the virtuous parasite whom few people regard as a parasite because she is such a "nice girl." In fact, her whole life-job is "Being Nice." She shirks all the struggle of life, shirks the struggle of economic independence, the struggle of returning her

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leisure in civic service, and ultimately the struggle and pain of motherhood. She isn't bad; she is just a waster of the leisure others toil to give her.

In discussing Mothers of the World, the author considers the group of women who return their leisure to the community in valuable service. He enumerates a mass of remarkable contributions which they have made. Many of his illustrations are drawn from the work of the Chicago Woman's Club, which he regards as a typical example of the evolution from the cultural study club to the club of practical community service. Institution after institution, which to-day we find accepted and maintained by the public, had its initial impetus in the private means and public service of these groups of leisure women. The Public Kindergarten, the Juvenile Court, the Probation Officer, the Vacation Open Air School are among the institutions we owe to this source. The author renders no direct argument for woman suffrage, but he does say of these Mothers of the World that "they are militant citizens now with the rank of non-combatants," and asks the question, "Would they make good citizens?" He answers this through one of his hypothetical characters:—"I told you that women cannot give their leisure to useful activity without verging toward citizenship . . .either their public spirit will grow, or their private character will decline. Because they carry along with that leisure of theirs not only its blessing but also its curse. They must sanctify it or perish by it."

Fola La Follette.

V

Ruth K. Wood's "The Tourist's Russia"*

Considered merely as a guide-book—its acknowledged purpose in life—this little volume is wholly adequate. It opens up to the enterprising tourist who prefers the unusual routes a vast territory not yet overrun with his kind. It gives him information which is really useful. The thousand and one things that every traveller has to learn for himself are explained to us here by one who evidently made many blunders which she wants to help us to avoid. Many valuable hints appeal particularly to American travellers accustomed to the more Americanised portions of Europe. The sights one has to see, and many more that the true traveller will want to see, are pointed out. Charming bits of landscape painting are drawn in by a sympathetic pen, and the fascination of the East and the West meeting and mingling, as Russia shows it, is brought home vividly to the reader.

As a guide-book the volume is satisfactory. And as good guide-books to Russia are rare, it will prove useful. Judged as a piece of literature—and a guide-book *can* be a piece of literature—it falls far short of the author's previous book, *Honeymooning in Russia.* The exquisite charm of personal intimacy is lacking, and the keen glance that sees below the surface. The point of view in the second volume, while full of sympathy for the subject and rich in knowledge, is so entirely superficial that it hardly seems possible the two books could have been written by the same person. Surely a little of the wonderful insight could have been used to sharpen the eye of even the ordinary tourist, to whom this second volume comes with its utilitarian offering! It would have enlivened the unavoidable Baedekerian (if one may coin the word) tabling of routes and places.

Possibly Mrs. Wood did not wish to obtrude her own point of view about a country so discussed and disputed as Russia, on the mere tourist. But that individual couldn't be hurt by having a little hint as to how he should think about things. And in her former book, Mrs. Wood has proved that any hints she might give are of value. Also, her insight into conditions would have tempered the unvarying and therefore at times cloying praise of things in this book.

What attracts the reader particularly in this book is the author's description of the beautiful and true hospitality with which the traveller is met in Russia. The passport difficulties we are apt to make so much of, and the bureaucratic red

*The Tourist's Russia. By Ruth Kedzie Wood. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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tape in the border railway stations fade into innocuousness under her skilful advice as to the best way to handle them.

Mrs. Wood's knowledge of all corners of the great empire of the Tsar is remarkable, and many a pretty and odd bit of history or legend enliven the chapters. The story of the Siege of Balaklava by the Anchovies is a most amusing bit of information about this historic spot.

Mrs. Wood gives us some valuable information about Finland, a paradise for the traveller which is almost unknown to Americans. It is strange, however, when one remembers her keenness of vision regarding Russian tyranny in the former book, that she should have treated the matter so very superficially where Finland is concerned. Her point of view is so very Russian that she speaks of things as "odd and very Finnish" which are merely Scandinavian, peculiar to all Scandinavian countries. However, these are minor flaws in a volume so entertaining and of such eminent usefulness that it deserves a better fate than that meted out to most unofficial guide-books.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VI

"How To Visit Europe on Next to Nothing"*

While the best thing about this little book is its brilliant title, it will serve an excellent purpose in assuring many people that three hundred dollars is quite sufficient for a somewhat extended European trip. The author unwisely wanders far from her text and has merely injected into a poor travel-book the barest details of her expenditure, but she has at least given us her budget in entirety—and in this respect the book is convincing. The more light we can have on this subject the better, for to Americans as a class the idea strangely persists that a trip to Europe is the extravagance of a lifetime. It is an idea left over from the brave days when we pinched the eagle to make him scream. In reality, but for the passage itself, it is cheaper to spend your vacation in Europe than in any summer hotel at home, whatever be your rate of living.

The author's itinerary was London—with excursions to the environs and the Thames places and to Stratford and Oxford—Brighton, Ostend, Bruges, Brussels, the Ardennes district, and back to London; Rouen, Paris, Monte Carlo—with excursions in the Riviera—and back to London again; then Norway with its usual boat-tourists' round and again back to London. This is a trip by no means carefully planned, and with much retracing of steps. Consequently the reader should be all the more assured to hear that the average daily expenditure was two dollars and eighty-two cents. The secret of it is simple—live in lodgings and "eat round." This is also the secret of getting a real taste of the country.

Her boat-fare was thirty-eight dollars (seventy-five dollars both ways) by a line from Montreal. Her tips on the boat—a dollar each to steward and to waiter—were perhaps less than will make the average economical person feel easy. But this economy is counterbalanced by the great extravagance of her first night in London, when she stopped at the Cecil for one dollar and twenty-five cents and paid sixty cents for breakfast. Afterward her lodgings cost her eight shillings a week, her breakfasts eight pence, her lunches one shilling, and her dinners alternated one and six and two shillings. For two shillings she could get an eight-course dinner at several attractive places. At Brighton, since sight-seeing did not compel irregular hours, she boarded and lodged in the same house—for seven dollars and fifty cents a week. Ostend is like Brighton, and both are like our own Atlantic City, in that you may live there on any scale of expenditure you please. The worst of Brussels from a lodger's point of view, is that the Belgians expect you to stay two weeks in it. But she succeeded in getting a tiny flat for one week at fourteen francs, with service at a franc extra and running water on the landing. (Ah, those dear little Brussels flats!) Here, though in walking distance of the Royal Gardens,

*How to Visit Europe on Next to Nothing. By ——. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

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they were not too aristocratic; for they bought a jug full of milk out of the original package on the street, and one photographed the milkman as he milked the goat straight into the jug of the other. There, as in Paris, it is a few cents cheaper to order beer or wine with dinner than to go without it.

In Paris they had a suite of three tiny chambers for three francs apiece the night. This was at Passy; and rooms in the Latin Quarter would have been much cheaper and more amusing. Three to five dollars a month is all one need pay, and be surrounded with odd little restaurants of marvellous prices and marvellous goodness. When you eat *à la carte* in Paris always add up the bill yourself, for the French are rather strong on figures. Do not venture underground unless you have unlimited patience and daring, since the more changes a Frenchman can get for his money the more pleased he seems to be. Tipping is universal, but a dime is a great deal and a copper is rarely disdained. To tip little and often is the wise plan. But if you tip on the American or English scale, it is treble or double the market rate; and the beneficiary may be tempted into thinking lightly of you or even into rudeness. For even when it comes to tips the average Frenchman thinks anything un-Parisian is slightly un-civil. The extras, fares, entrances, tips in Paris for one week amounted to six dollars and thirty-six cents.

In Monte Carlo, as in almost every other place, you can spend as little as you like. Living in rooms, ten dollars a week could be made to cover all expenses easily; seven or five would suffice with strict economy. The author paid three dollars and fifty cents for fifteen days' room-rent and for her meals—including some confessed extravagances—as high as twenty dollars. From Monte Carlo as headquarters, they took many delightful excursions. With the end of their European stay at hand and their return to London and America prepaid, they found they had still twenty dollars left of their three hundred; and one hundred and nine glorious days to their credit. A sudden windfall of an extra month and an extra hundred sent them scampering to Norway. They took the "cruise" from England—thirteen days by boat in and out of fiords and overland by carriage from fiord to fiord for eighty-two dollars and fifty cents, including everything. This is by no means an inexpensive way to see the country; and (though convenient to hurried travellers) it can be done far more enjoyably for much less.

The anxious reader who can muster perhaps a similar sum will discover in this book no suggestion of hardship, of pleasures foregone, or any feeling of shabbiness and makeshift. There is not the slightest reason why there should be any; for the sum would have been sufficient for a longer journey and stay. The present reviewer spent fourteen weeks in England and Scotland with a dash to Paris for one hundred and seventy-five dollars inclusive of everything. Nor should an economist be deprived of those occasional romantic adventures and whimsical extravagances which are the zest of travel; and any but the most rigid economy can make room for them. He remembers with glee, for instance, that at his two dollar a week lodging in London (a "sitting bed-room"), where his landlady cooked him his breakfasts and dinners (butcher and green-grocer at the corner on his way home from sight-seeing), he once triumphantly fed four friends from the Cecil for one dollar. Compared to his budget, that of the author of this book was prodigal indeed.

Graham Berry.

VII

Max Beerbohm's "Zuleika Dobson"*

We learn from recent commentators on Max Beerbohm that he is the possessor of a wondrous fancy and a matchless style, that he has become a classic in his own lifetime, and that—*ut perhibent qui de magnis majora loquuntur*—he fully equals if he does not surpass Charles Lamb in quaintness of humour, wit, variety, and charm. Now we, too, have often been beguiled by him and shall not soon forget our pleasure and gratitude and above all, our surprise on finding Max Beerbohm every week

*Zuleika Dobson. By Max Beerbohm. New York: John Lane Company.

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among those prigs and Podsnaps of the London *Saturday Review*. Nevertheless, it is better to leave the classics and Charles Lamb out of the question. It is well enough to raise a mortal to the literary skies, but why draw the angels down? Such language merely means that Max Beerbohm has become in certain quarters a literary pet. Reviewers with a pet genius find new marvels in him every day.

It will be remembered how they once suffocated Kipling with their caresses. Of that, by the way, we have preserved a curious instance. A propos of Kipling's familiar couplet in *Bobs*—

> 'E's a terror for 'is size,
> An' 'e does not advertise,

a thick and thin admirer wrote a serious paper once to prove the poet's marvellous acquaintance with school slang. He argued that that use of the word "advertise" was peculiar to a certain school that Kipling had never attended. It did not occur to him any more than it would occur to most people with a pet genius that "advertise" in the usual, everyday sense fitted into the text pretty well and that the word might naturally pop into the most untechnical and insignificant head, if it were struggling with the same idea. He preferred the theory that by divine intuition Kipling had grasped firmly in his mind every kind of slang that was used in all the boys' schools up and down the land. A pet genius cannot sneeze without exposing his divinity.

So it may be with Max Beerbohm unless he is rescued from them in time. Even now they cite his use of a bit of Greek or a line or two of Latin verse as proof of an astounding erudition, and they hail this latest book, *Zuleika Dobson*, not only as transcendent among books generally, but as quite the masterpiece of their own "inimitable Max." As a matter of fact that is very unfair to the latter's previous writings. Any discerning admirer of his could patch together out of his papers in the *Saturday Review* a more characteristic book, and one of greater vitality. *Zuleika Dobson* is a literary burlesque of nothing in particular. It is an ironical novel of Oxford life telling how a young woman who, through her beauty, has brought the whole world to her feet by merely appearing on the stage as a conjuror, so entrances the Oxford youth that in their hopeless passion and with one accord they all drown themselves in the river. The irony is sustained without either a bend or a break from cover to cover. Sometimes it consists in describing a person in the grandiose terms which that person, in a fatuous moment, might privately employ in describing himself. Its usual form is mock heroics, garnished cleverly with literary allusion. Often, however, it is irony for its own sake alone, as if the author thought he did it rather well, or had formed the habit of it and could not stop, or somehow or other felt a little superior to every subject he wrote about. Max Beerbohm is the kind of writer who would probably turn a door knob with an elaborate mock gravity, lest some one might think it really mattered to him whether he opened the door or not.

That, by the way, suggests a subject for serious critical disquisition, perhaps for a doctor's dissertation in the Department of English Literature. Why among certain English writers is adherence to irony so conscientious and unremitting? Their fear of dropping it when once it is begun seems at times almost morbid. There are ironies of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, for instance, cast-ironies, they have been called, which read like enormous practical jokes, so prolonged are they and so British. Yet he is esteemed a light writer, rather gay and careless. Why, after initiating the reader once and for all into the great joke that the writer does not really mean what he says, is it necessary to wink at him laboriously with the left eye through two hundred pages? A good deal of current British literary iron-work is of that indomitable and thorough quality. What starts out as a comic motive, to be followed lightly, casually, and at will, ends by becoming a rather grim religion. It is not uncommon to find an Englishman who has actually nailed himself to the cross of his own fixed humorous purpose. Perhaps it is part of that staunch single-mindedness that has made England what she is,

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but if they only would apply it to Empire-building and keep it out of light literature!

Not to imply that Max Beerbohm's irony is quite so severe as that. He merely likes the sport of writing about people and things as they are not, without caring in the least either about what they are or about what they ought to be. He does not wish to reduce anybody or anything to an absurdity. He loves an absurdity as a pretty thing on its own account. He is a blower of literary soap bubbles, and why ask whether a soap bubble has a meaning or a point? His suds are made with warm water and out of many excellent writings of the past. Sometimes he reminds us of the *Rape of the Lock,* sometimes of Dick Steele, sometimes of Sterne or Charles Lamb or Meredith, but he always reminds us of some one, and never by any chance gives himself away. If he could be cut open it would probably be found that, as Emerson unjustly said of Hawthorne, he had no insides. His soul, if he has one, is entirely composed of successive literary layers.

From those pedestals which intersperse the railing of the Sheldonian, the high grim busts of the Roman Emperors stared down at the fair stranger in the equipage. Zuleika returned their stare with but a casual glance. The inanimate had little charm for her.

A moment later, a certain old don emerged from Blackwell's, where he had been buying books. Looking across the road he saw, to his amazement, great beads of perspiration glistening on the brows of those Emperors. He trembled, and hurried away. That evening, in Common Room, he told what he had seen; and no amount of polite scepticism would convince him that it was but the hallucination of one who had been reading too much Mommsen. He persisted that he had seen what he described. It was not until two days had elapsed that some credence was accorded him.

Yes, as the landau rolled by, sweat started from the brow of the Emperors. They, at least, foresaw the peril that was overhanging Oxford, and they gave such warning as they could. Let that be remembered to their credit. Let that incline us to think more gently of them. In their lives we know they were infamous, some of them—"nihil non commiserunt stupri, sævitiæ, impietatis." But are they too little punished after all? Here in Oxford exposed eternally and inexorably to heat and frost, to the four winds that lash them and the rains that wear them away, they are expiating in effigy the abominations of their pride and cruelty and lust. Who were lechers, they are without bodies; who were tyrants, they are crowned never but with crowns of snow; who made themselves even with the gods, they are by American visitors frequently mistaken for the Twelve Apostles.

With such courteous and agreeable fooleries he fills many a page.

The hero, and the first in Oxford to declare his love to Zuleika, is the proud and beautiful youth, the Duke of Dorset, a paragon, a cynosure, the envy of all the undergraduates, a figure "orgulous and splendent." But Zuleika, satiated with men's love, cannot love any one who feels a passion for her. The Duke tells her his heart was a bright gem proof against any die, but that Cupid came with his arrow-points and graved on its surface lines that can never be effaced.

"There, deeply and forever, your image is intagliated. No years, nor fires, nor cataclysms of total Nature, can efface from that great gem your image."

"My dear Duke," said Zuleika, "don't be so silly. Look at the matter sensibly. I know that lovers don't try to regulate their emotions according to logic; but they do nevertheless conform with some sort of logical system. I left off loving you when I found that you loved me. There is the premiss. Very well! Is it likely that I shall begin to love you again because you can't leave off loving me?"

Rejected as a lover, the Duke urged marriage nevertheless, arguing its social advantages—

"I, John, Albert, Edward, Claude, Orde, Angus, Tankerton (pronounced Tacton, Tanville-Tankerton (pronounced Tavvle-Tacton), fourteenth Duke of Dorset, Marquis of Dorset, Earl of Grove, Earl of Chastermaine, Viscount Brewsby, Baron Grove, Baron Petstrap, and Baron Wolock, in the Peerage of England, offer you my hand. . . . I offer you, Miss Dobson, a refuge more glorious and more augustly gilded than you, in your airiest flights

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of fancy, can ever have hoped for or imagined. I own about 340,000 acres. My town-residence is in St. James's Square. Tankerton, of which you may have seen photographs, is the chief of my country-seats. It is a Tudor house, set in the ridge of a valley. The valley, its park, is halved by a stream so narrow that the deer leap across. The gardens are estraded upon the slope. Round the house runs a wide paven terrace. There are always two or three peacocks trailing their sheathed feathers along the balustrade, and stepping how stiffly! as though they had just been unharnessed from Juno's chariot. . . . Between the ends of two pleached alleys, under a dome of branches, is a little lake, with a Triton of black marble, and with water lilies. Hither and thither under the archipelago of water lilies dart gold-fish—tongues of flame in the dark water. There is also a long strait alley of clipped yew. It ends in a pagoda for painted porcelain which the Prince Regent—peace be to his ashes!—presented to my great-grandfather. There are many twisting paths, and sudden aspects, and devious, fantastic arbours. Are you fond of horses? In my stables of pinewood and plated silver seventy are installed. Not all of them together could vie in power with the meanest of my motor-cars."

"Oh, I never go in motors," said Zuleika. "They make one look like nothing on earth, and like everybody else."

"I myself," said the Duke, "use them little for that very reason."

The Duke, who, as the reader will soon find, is faithfully modelled after Sir Willoughby Patterne of *The Egoist*, presses his suit in vain, and scorning in his lofty soul a life tainted by the ignominy of a rejection, resolves on suicide. At a dinner of the Junta, a famous and exclusive Oxford club, he discloses his purpose to his guests, among whom is Mr. Abimelech V. Oover, the American Rhodes Scholar. The Duke was invariably courteous to Rhodes Scholars, though he found them rather oppressive.

They had not—how could they have?—the undergraduate's virtue of taking Oxford as a matter of course. The Germans loved it too little, the Colonials too much. The Americans were to a sensitive observer the most troublesome—as being the most troubled—of the whole lot. The Duke was not one of those Englishmen who fling, or care to hear flung, cheap sneers at America. Whenever any one in his presence said that America was not large in area, he would firmly maintain that it was. He held, too, in his enlightened way, that they have a perfect right to exist. But he did often find himself wishing Mr. Rhodes had not enabled them to exercise that right in Oxford. They were so awfully afraid of having their strenuous native characters undermined by their delight in the place. . . . Also if he be selected by his country as a specimen of the best moral, physical, and intellectual type that she can produce for the astounding of the effete foreigner, and incidentally for raising that foreigner's tone, he must—mustn't he?—do his best to astound, to exalt. But then comes in this difficulty. Young men don't like to astound and exalt their fellows. And Americans, individually, are of all people the most anxious to please. That they talk overmuch is often taken as a sign of self-satisfaction. It is merely a mannerism. Rhetoric is a thing inbred in them. They are quite unconscious of it. It is as natural to them as breathing. And while they talk on, they really do believe that they are a quick, businesslike people, by whom things are "put through" with an almost brutal abruptness. This notion of theirs is rather confusing to the patient English auditor.

On learning the Duke's resolve to die, Mr. Oover announces in flowing periods his own determination to do likewise. The other guests declare the same intention, and as the rumour spreads throughout the colleges every undergraduate prepares to take his life for the love of Zuleika. After the boat race the undergraduate body drowns itself *en masse*.

Here and there are clever parodies, excellent specimens of eighteenth century magniloquence, and good bits of satire on the high-flown love passages of novels, but read continuously it becomes monotonous. It is merely a piece of literary bric-à-brac and it ought not to have been made so large. It affords, to be sure, a certain relief from the strenuosities of the dead in earnest, but it goes a little too far. It is too steadily loyal to the author's delicate belief that to feel is vulgar and to think is rather coarse.

C. M. Francis.

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VIII

VAUGHAN KESTER'S "THE JUST AND THE UNJUST"*

If Vaughan Kester's posthumous novel does not maintain the high level of *The Prodigal Judge,* it reveals him once again as a very good story-teller. Here are all the ingredients of a successful "seller," touched, however, with a distinction of style, a power of minute observation and a capacity for character drawing which never lets it descend to the low level of a mere murder tale. Distinct illusion is nearly always present even though the characters lack the freedom of Judge Slocum Price or the unusual Mahaffy, and do not move the story by their own inevitability. That which gave such quality to *The Prodigal Judge* was the feeling that all the people in it were in themselves the expression of their epoch, and also a certain bond they had with forces at work in the subjection of the Middle West: they were reflections as well as illuminations.

The Just and the Unjust offers no such opportunity, since it is essentially and deliberately a plot novel, which the skill and tendency of the author, almost in spite of the theme, has endowed with streaks of vivid verisimilitude. One is justified, perhaps, in slightly overstating this because of the two minor characters: Shrimplin, the bragging coward with a courageous imagination, and Joe Montgomery, the village sot, in whose hands the author, with a delicious irony, has placed the key to the solution. He is quite an agreeable *deus ex machina* in spite of a whiskey throat and an intermittent family. The episode, for example, in which Shrimplin is forced to reveal his true nature to his credulous son is one of high comedy; the fact that the boy's disillusion suggests a like reaction in *Harry Richmond* is merely another proof of the vitality of certain forces in our comic scheme. It is a bit such as this that tends to deaden the muscular exertions of the long arm of coincidence, which, of necessity, has plenty of exercise. However, the structural skill of the author has not deserted him, for the situations and scenes are developed to their fullest value. There is not so much suspense as to what will work out as interest in how the dénouement will be reached. Though it is not a mystery story, there are plenty of thrills. The author has not chosen to keep the reader in the dark, but rather, following the method of the dramatist, has taken him into his confidence, leaving the characters themselves to be puzzled. If Mr. Kester has lost in mystery he has avoided the commonplace; nor could he scarcely have done otherwise, since the characters are generally revealed from within, with considerable introspection and analysis. The reader knows who killed McBride, that North is falsely accused, and that Gilmore and Langham have pasts and no futures. Motives, as in plays, are not explained afterward, but are shown in the working. The reason for this apparently is that the author had some intention of making this novel a criticism of our legal forms and the possibility, through them, of the legal miscarriage of justice so frequently inevitable when human feelings touch the hands of those who must administer it. The Judge knows his own son is guilty, yet lets the innocent be convicted; and the whole group of people concerned either speaks or is silent for personal motives. Thus justice can only be an abstract thing when humans must interpret it. There are certain internal evidences that, as originally planned, the author, no doubt, considered the proposition of having North pay the extreme penalty for another's crime; but this has very wisely been avoided; for, after all, it takes more than a novel plot to suggest that Fate was responsible. The ending is very cleverly devised as it is, and a happy conclusion achieved without wrenching the inherent possibilities of the structure. But when the reader has followed the story through various phases of a triangular situation, the murder and the desperate efforts of the guilty to foist the crime on another, the successive steps in which Gilmore, who knows Langham's guilt, tries to blackmail him, and the final fight on the trestle, leading to the dissolution of the

*The Just and the Unjust. By Vaughan Kester. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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conspiracy, there remains the vivid recollection of Shrimplin, the lamp-lighter, who deserved a book all to himself.

It is with great regret that one realises this story-teller, who possessed such a refined gift and such a wholesome appreciation of American types, did not live to further the achievement of *The Prodigal Judge,* which gave promise of even greater novels to come.

Griffin Mace.

IX

Corra Harris's "The Recording Angel"*

It is a misfortune of the South that too much which is written about it as fiction is accepted as fact. To novelists is largely due the idea prevalent in the North that the South is inhabited exclusively by aristocrats, "poor whites" and "niggers," and that the typical Southerner lives in a house of stately dimensions but dilapidated details, wears a goatee, and is characterised by an air of imperturbable leisure and an aroma of mint juleps. So readily does the public absorb the picturesque and the bizarre in connection with life below Mason and Dixon's line that were *The Recording Angel* to become very popular indeed, the impression might easily take root and grow that the modern South is a very shabby, down-at-heel, listless and forlorn sort of place. Such an impression would be decidedly unjust.

This does not imply that in her description of Ruckersville, Georgia, Mrs. Harris has drawn a distorted picture. Ruckersville is typical of many a small town in the South of ten or fifteen years ago. And Mrs. Harris reveals with an unrelenting spirit and unsparing details the whole shabby, shiftless little community,—the sun-baked, dusty square with its immovable loungers, the straggling streets, the straddling houses, all steeped in an atmosphere of idleness, hopelessness and decay. Figuratively, she even takes the blinds from some of the houses and shows us the fair inmates despondently powdering and "primping" in the hope, well-nigh abandoned, of attracting a husband; while most of the men, both those who are husbands and those who decline to be, divide their time between an ennuied leisure and rather dreary dissipation.

The renaissance of Ruckersville is brought about by the combination of two forces. There arrives one day a certain Jim Bone, long a prodigal son of Ruckersville, who had departed years before in haste and under a cloud. He returns, bringing, however, his own fatted calves with him, for in the auriferous West he has found a bonanza mine and sold it for a fortune. Intending a stay of a few hours, he remains months; and the moving impulse, or rather the impulse that keeps him from moving, is prompted by an attractive person of the opposite sex.

As Jim Bone dallies in Ruckersville from day to day, it is borne in upon him, through impersonal and coldly critical observation, that what the town of his birth needs is a thorough waking up. The method and the manner of the awakening are suggested curiously enough by one of the town's elect, its dearest and most innocent old lady. Stone blind, altogether lovable and everybody's friend, she is moved, as a bit of mental occupation, to draw some verbal portraits of her neighbours. With a gentle touch, but with the awful veracity of complete understanding, she dictates the little sketches to her scapegrace of a husband, and he in turn sells them without her knowledge for money to supply himself with drink. With mingled emotions the leading citizens see in print the dear old Recording Angel's true and unvarnished pen portraits of themselves. And when Jim Bone entices the whole town to a play that is based on the Recording Angel's minutes, there is a tremendous sensation, and Ruckersville awakes and reforms.

The Recording Angel is a series of episodes strung together on a thread of narrative, and not a compact novel. The episodes are well handled, however, with the spirit and dash of a born story-teller.

If one must criticise, one would criticise not the method of this story, but its spirit. For, as one finishes the book, after reading the last of all the episodes, in which the Recording Angel, having recovered her sight, sees her derelict hus-

*The Recording Angel. By Corra Harris. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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band not as he is, but as her love of a lifetime makes him seem to be, one wishes that there could have been more of such gentle and sympathetic touches. If Jim Bone and his lady love had been allowed by the author to occupy, even to some degree, the traditional positions of hero and heroine; if their lovemaking had been described less as if it were a demonstration in biology; if Ruckersville had been less ruthlessly dragged up by the roots and exposed to the public gaze, then *The Recording Angel* would have been even a better story.

Arthur M. Chase.

X

Amelie Rives's "Hidden House"*

It is more than twenty years since Amelie Rives burst upon the world with *The Quick or the Dead.* One recalls with amusement the clamour with which that youthful production was greeted. In twenty years much water has flowed under the Brooklyn Bridge, bearing out to sea some of the cherished illusions of an earlier day. *The Quick or the Dead* undeniably scored a scandalous success; it was greeted with more shocked raisings of eyebrows and hands, more horrified whispers, than have followed the trail of some of its latter-day successors beside which it is as a Sunday-school tract to a dime novel. Since then we have outgrown some of our provincialism. We have measured our literature here and there by that of Continental Europe, and have grown comfortably tolerant of what would once have been intolerable. It is scarcely conceivable that Miss Rives's first youthful venture would to-day stir a solitary moralist to protest. It was, to be sure, a somewhat emotional, colourful performance—Youth riding its Pegasus without bridle or halter; but in comparison with certain more recent productions of dull, unimaginative physical grossness it was a highly spiritual effort. And at least it had the virtue of a fresh vigour, a fundamental honesty to set it apart and make it, in its own way, a memorable book. A powerful if unripe intellect was discerned behind it.

*Hidden House. By Amelie Rives. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Miss Rives has retained her disposition to deal with large matters in her fiction. She has not produced a great number of books, but she has touched more significant subjects than many a writer with a longer row of volumes to show. Not many years ago she put forth a little story of an Italian girl and an Englishman which for direct simplicity and the expression of elemental passion almost rivalled the tales of the Italian Verga. In her latest story she essays a subject which every novelist is bound to attempt sooner or later if he is in earnest and is granted a sufficiently long life. If she has not altogether succeeded in making *Hidden House* a masterpiece, she has failed in the company of many illustrious ones. A curious fascination exists for the novelist in the idea of dual personality. There is, one supposes, drama ready made to one's hand in the mere suggestion. Perhaps it is because the possibilities are too great, because the material is too plastic, that it so seldom retains the semblance of reality. The modern scientific study of hysteria has directed attention anew to the phenomena of divided personality and stimulated the imagination of more than one romancer; it has not, however, brought forth a story to make us forget *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.*

Perhaps the most remarkable fact concerning *Hidden House* is that it reaches its climax in a lyrical outburst couched in Scotch dialect of a peculiarly esoteric quality. It is evidently a most grewsome poem, this of "The Ghaist that Wun Hame"; but the reader not completely familiar with his braid Scots will scarcely attempt to read it without the help of the appended lexicon—which does not conduce to the effect of grisly horror. To the untrained eye this poem stands as a rare example of mastery of a dialect. Here, then, is an achievement that should give Miss Rives high rank as a scholar of sorts, as well as a novelist. It is well known that she has produced some admirable examples of the Virginia negro's dialect, and to be master of two dialects is a rare distinction than to have at one's tongue's end a dozen languages.

Burton Bancroft.

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THE ANTAGONISTS

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

Book I

Chapter VII

ND the spring came round again to Dicky's waiting. The chorus of birds was almost deafening from the hedgerows; bread and cheese grew thick on all the hawthorne. Wilfrid and Dicky munched it as they walked across the fields.

Nothing had been said to stop their excursions in the early mornings; they kept them secret nevertheless. With parents you never know. Sometimes it seems they claim authority for the mere pleasure of its exertion. Dicky was never certain when his father might not lay down a law and then only for the simple gratification of seeing it obeyed. So they kept their journeys to themselves. Only Anne knew at the mill, and Anne was staunch. In the worst of tempers there was no fear that Anne would ever tell. As for the gentle Dorothy, she would sooner have given up her life.

But something had gone out of the joy of these excursions for Dicky. A sense of fear had entered his heart, a fear of dark places, an unconquerable repugnance to the things he could not see. With the cleverest of excuses; he avoided the woods; kept to the open fields, and many a time came to the verge of a quarrel with Wilfrid.

One early morning in the spring of that year, their quarrel came in earnest. They had traced a whitethroat to a spinney near the river. Dicky refused to crawl into the undergrowth to find her nest. Wilfrid stared at him amazed.

"Well—I don't expect she's laid yet," said Dicky.

"Why of course she has, you silly ass. Look at that robin hatched out last week."

"Better not call me a silly ass," said Dicky, who was only too conscious that he was.

"Well, why do you funk going into the wood?"

"Who said I funked?" asked Dicky dangerously.

"Well—you do," said Wilfrid.

There is no accusation more cruel than the truth. It stung Dicky to blindness. Before he knew what he had done his fist shot out and Wilfrid was tumbling backwards from a blow on the chest.

No word was said then as Wilfrid came back with fists ready to his former position. Dicky knew it was to be a fight. But whereas last year he had fought fights with many odds, his back against a wall, laughing at every one of them, he now found his legs trembling, his thumping heart accusing him of folly.

He was afraid. But why? Because he could see the blows in his imagination, one after another. He could see the red blotches on Wilfrid's face, the little trickles of red from a bleeding lip. He could feel the hot blood streaming down his own face and it seemed a barbarous thing to do. Besides which, it hurt. He felt the sting of each blow as it would fall and, as he squared up before Wilfrid's dancing body, he knew that he was a coward, devoutly wishing he had never struck the challenge blow.

But there was no escape from it now. This Wilfrid, who had always been afraid of him, must never realise how it had become Dicky's turn to fear. It was not the fear of Wilfrid himself; it was the fear of the fight. Still, he had entered upon it now. There was no drawing back.

In expectation of a rain of blows, Wilfrid waited with pumping fists in such attitude as he had seen the pictures of many a boxer. But the blows never came. Dicky stood there before him with thin lips and white nostrils, his eyes burning as he watched the galvanic movements of Wilfrid's arms. In time Wilfrid had had enough of suspense, with a

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violent lunge, he struck out with his right. A great grunt came from him as Dicky parried the blow. Again he struck, again, right, left and yet again. The last blow grazed by Dicky's cheek and at the pain of it, he answered back. But the aim was not at Wilfrid's face. Full on his chest the blow fell like a hammer. He toppled backwards and found himself sitting ignominiously on the ground.

"Had enough?" said Dicky as casually as he could between his breathing, fervently hoping that Wilfrid would give in. But in matters such as these young Leggatt was hard to convince. There was nothing horrible to him in a bleeding nose; nothing there he need be afraid of. In a second he was on his feet again and straight at Dicky like a wind mill in a storm. It was he who rained the blows now, and yet through the rush and excitement of it all Dicky never lost the felt that he was looking on and could sense of spectatorship. All the time he not let his anger carry him into the blind rage which sees and feels nothing. One more sharp interchange of blows and Wilfrid spun again from off his feet.

These blows on his chest were fast taking the wind out of him. But he was not hurt at all, and the sight of Dicky's bleeding mouth gave him renewed energy. Again and again he came up to the point and then at last, sent spinning backwards, lay in a bed of nettles by the spinney's edge exhausted in defeat.

"Well—am I a coward?" asked Dicky as he stood over him.

Wilfrid shook his head. He had no breath to speak. But in his heart Dicky knew well the fear that he had felt and, turning toward home, walked silently back to breakfast.

Anne sponged his face for him, but at the breakfast table Christina noticed the cut upon his lip.

"How did you hurt your lip, Dicky?" she asked.

"I fell," said he, and she knew he was not telling the truth. She looked at Anne, but Anne was very busy eating porridge.

There was a long silence then; full of dread to Dicky, who knew quite well that his mother had not believed him. At last Mr. Furlong looked up from his plate and gazed out of the window.

"We're going to have a thunderstorm in a few minutes," said he.

"Oh, Lord!" exclaimed Dicky—"my mustard and cress!" and swiftly left the room to go into his garden.

Chapter VIII

In the spring of that same year there was food for gossip, sufficient to last them many a long day in Eckington. In one of those wild moments of madness which may overtake the gentlest of women, Mrs. Leggatt, wife of the schoolmaster, bought her own sorrow.

There lived in the house with them a young man named Allen, the organist at Pershore, teaching music in Mr. Leggatt's school. For many weeks, it transpired, Mr. Leggatt had felt suspicious. From doubt, ungenerously he let it grow into conviction and all with that secretive silence of a man who waits the proper moment for revenge.

It never occurred to him to save that gentle wife of his from the abyss on whose very verge she stood. It never entered his head to protect Wilfrid and Dorothy from their mother's folly. It was enough for him that the wretched woman had allowed the tide to catch her so far. To him all shame was then complete. He needed only the moment to trap them in their sin and, for that moment, waited with eyes that smiled benignly upon all they did, yet watched with an alertness only men of cunning can possess.

Unconsciously, no doubt, he contributed toward her downfall, omitting those little attentions—the few, slight thoughts of her which are more than straws to a woman caught in such a tide as this—omitting them intentionally and smiling, always smiling when the young man did them in his stead.

With conviction growing stronger every day, at last he moved his room from hers, and for long hours into the night stood listening at his own door. For a week he heard nothing, yet still the miserable man was convinced.

"I have to go away," he said one morning at breakfast—"I have to go up to London," and with a bitter exaltation in

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his heart he saw the dropping of his wife's eyes, the swift look from young Allen.

Then, all jealousy realised and the white heat of anger burning in his blood, he smiled upon them and smiled again.

"You can take my classes, Allen," he said cheerfully. "Keep an eye on that young Furlong. He's not so wild as he used to be somehow or other, but he needs looking after."

Mrs. Leggatt packed his things. He found her crying as she struggled with the straps upon his trunk.

"What's the matter?" he asked, and there was half a fear in his heart that she was going to tell him all while as yet there was not all to tell.

"My head aches," said she. "Why can't you get back again to-day?"

"What, from London? All that distance? Besides—I must stay a couple of days."

As he left the house, she put up her face to be kissed and shuddered when he kissed her.

"It's cold," she said and he was gone.

* * * * *

And so next morning Eckington and all the neighbourhood, even beyond Pershore knew of Mrs. Leggatt's shame and whispered their pity for the poor schoolmaster.

Anne was alive with curiosity when she heard it. She knew—yet knew nothing—could understand, with all that quivering instinct of a woman, but did not know what she understood. With a mind torn by impatience and curiosity, she came to Christina.

It is needless to say what she asked.

"But mayn't I know?" she concluded. Anne was twelve. Christina looked at her thoughtfully.

"What's the good, Anne?" said she. "I shall tell you soon. You'll know quick enough."

"But Dicky knows," said Anne.

"Dicky knows?" Christina echoed.

"Yes; one of the boys at the school told him."

"Did Dicky tell you?"

"No; he said it wasn't a sort of thing for girls to know. But he's only ten."

Christina felt her heart shudder within her. Dicky knew. Dicky had taken the first step out of childhood. She could no longer look in his eyes and feel that she was looking into the clear waters of a running brook. The water was clear no longer, and she wondered, with a heart that ached, if it were going to make any difference in her love for Dicky, but more—was it going to make any difference in his love for her? Dicky knew, and for one moment it was she who felt ashamed.

That evening, when Anne and Dicky had gone to bed, Christina opened the door of the sitting-room, sat down to the piano and began to play Beethoven.

After a few moments, Mr. Furlong rose from his chair and closed the door.

"Oh—why?" she said, as she took her hands from the keys.

"Those children won't get to sleep," said he.

"Oh, yes they will," said Christina, and she opened the door again.

"But, my dear Christina, they'll stay awake and then they'll begin to think—"

"They'll think anyway," said she, "and I want Dicky to think of the music. That'll send him to sleep."

Mr. Furlong shrugged his shoulders and returned to his reading of wild flowers.

"It's always best," he thought, "to be lenient with women. After all, Dicky's a healthy boy; he'll get to sleep presently."

When she had finished her playing, Christina closed the door.

"Joseph," she said after a pause, "do you ever talk to Dicky about things at all?"

Mr. Furlong laid down his book and took off his spectacles. Curiosity just saved him from being annoyed at the interruption to his reading.

"About what things?" he asked.

"Well—," she smiled—she frowned. He might have known. "I mean there are boys older than him at the school. It was only I feel afraid sometimes that he might get a wrong idea of things and—and I thought you might have spoken to him—might—just—have helped him to understand."

"But Dicky's only ten, Christina!"

"Yes—I know."

"Well, when I was his age, I knew nothing about things—as you call them,

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My mind was clean and fresh without a thought in it beyond my games or my work."

"I know," repeated Christina, "but then Dicky's not quite the same—you surely see that, better even than I do."

"I suppose you mean he's a Tennant and not a Furlong," said her husband, and putting on his spectacles again, he picked up his book. It meant that the discussion was closed.

"You don't think it is advisable to say anything then?" said Christina.

"Certainly not," he replied. "I hope I shall know my duty when it comes to me," and in his prayers that night he asked that his duty might be shown him. In the morning it had passed out of his mind.

But Christina had not forgotten. Long into the night she had lain awake, thinking of Dick, thinking of Anne, thinking of Mrs. Leggatt. When the morning came, she woke early.

She, too, just saw the poplar-tree that reached the window catch and, with her head thrown back upon the pillow could gaze at those shimmering golden leaves which trembled against the blue.

At seven o'clock Mr. Furlong rose and dressed as was his custom.

"I hear that Leggatt's forgiven his wife," said he presently when he saw her eyes were open.

"Forgiven her!" exclaimed Christina.

"A very noble thing to do," said Mr. Furlong in surprise.

"Forgiven her!" she repeated. "Oh, I think I never heard anything so cruel in all my life!"

"Cruel!" Mr. Furlong was amazed.

"Cruel, yes! Now I suppose she stays on at Eckington to face the terrible forgiveness of everybody else. Oh, I think it is too brutal for anything! Why did he go and call the Vicar; why did he let the whole village know?"

"I suppose at the time," said Mr. Furlong, "he intended to pursue a different course. No doubt she begged his forgiveness. Young Allen of course has been sent away. It appears, Leggatt had been afraid of it for some time."

"Who said that?"

"Well, I believe he told the Vicar so. Mrs. Fastiff heard it from the Vicar's wife."

Christina's lip curled.

"If he suspected, why didn't he send young Allen away before?"

"I think it would have been better," Mr. Furlong agreed, "but of course that's a difficult thing to do. He couldn't have turned him out of Eckington. He couldn't have made him give up his post of organist at Pershore."

"Yes, but the horrible immorality of it! To stand by and watch it all—to trap her—to show her caught in the trap and then—to forgive her! Oh, if I were that wretched woman, what miles I'd put between myself and Eckington!"

Mr. Furlong looked at her in pain.

"My dear Christina," said he, "I hope you never will be like her."

The thought of it hurt him to the quick. He came across to the bedside, thinking suddenly that perhaps he was not so affectionate to her as he might be.

"Christina," he whispered—and bending over the bed he kissed her. She clenched her hands beneath the bedclothes as she returned the kiss.

That afternoon, when Dicky returned from school, she called him.

"We haven't been for a walk," said she, "since you were getting better."

"Well, come on," he answered eagerly. "Let's go to the hill. You haven't seen the place where the snake bit me."

The prospect of that had no pleasure for her; but they would get their walk.

It was one of those spring evenings that long has bid farewell to winter. In every ditch, in every hedge, the primroses were bringing forth the last clusters of their blossoms, a myriad candles leaping up in flame before they died away. In every bush, in every spinney, the birds were chattering in song, adding those last touches to their houses with all the care as if they should last forever. In and out of the may-trees, the blackbirds flew in low and noisy flights, and high on an elm tree a thrush sat singing—singing to the dropping sun.

"Well, it's spring again, Dicky," said Christina as they walked. "Do you remember last autumn—that day when you first got up—you said how ripping it would be?"

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"Yes, I remember," he replied. "Well, it is, isn't it? You see me jump that hurdle?"

"Dicky! You'll hurt yourself!"

But Dicky had gone. She closed her eyes.

"There you are," said Dicky from the other side.

"Splendid," said Christina, "but it looked so high."

"I can jump higher than that," said he. Pilgrim, who had tried to jump as well and failed, was quite ready to assure her that this was true. He could not keep his feet still.

"Don't try now," Christina begged. "Let's walk along together. Tell me about the birds' nests you found this year."

This kept him at her side—on wires, but still beside her. For a long, long while she listened with patient interest while he told her everything he knew of Nature. They were garbled ideas, no doubt, of the laws of God; but she was unable to improve upon them. They sounded full of knowledge and observation to her. She found herself listening without hearing, all the while wondering what Dicky would really be when he came to man's estate.

"Shall you like going into the mill when you grow up, Dicky?" she asked presently.

Dicky dug his hands deep into his pockets and felt a great sense of importance.

"I haven't decided yet," said he, after some consideration. "Of course the mill's jolly fine. I could afford to get a box of water-colours then, couldn't I?"

Christina smiled, but the smile died away when she thought of that piece of paper covered with roses—the first thing that Dicky had made for her.

"Shall I give you a box of water-colours next birthday?" she asked.

In a moment he was hanging to her hand. In the belief that they were about to start running, Pilgrim was dancing at their side.

"Will you?" exclaimed Dicky. "Will you really?" Don't say you'll make no rash promises, like father does. Say you will or you won't."

"I will," said she; "I promise."

He covered the hand he held with kisses.

"I'll a paint a picture one day," he said, "that'll make you cry."

How little he knew it, but he had done it then. Her eyes filled and were glitteringly bright. She had seen a vision of Dicky painting a great picture and he had brought the vision to her mind.

But all this time there was hanging about her thoughts the remembrance of what Anne had said. To speak to him about this had been her express purpose for their walk. Yet now that they were alone together, she found the words all dry and clinging in her throat. Supposing to speak of it were only to raise more curiosity in his mind? He was so terribly young. Joseph no doubt was quite right when he said that at Dicky's age such things had never entered his mind. Was she quite right when she believed that Dicky was a different sort of being altogether?

It seemed to her then that she was on the verge of a great experiment. Should she attempt it, or should she not? Her heart felt sick, for ever since they had started on their walk she had heard herself say the words, yet knew she could withhold them still. In a sudden moment then she let her instinct carry her away—heard the words in the distance as they left her lips.

"Dicky," said she, "Anne told me you knew everything about Mrs. Leggatt."

Now they were said and her heart stood still. She could hardly believe that she had done it. For some moments she dared not look at Dicky. They walked in silence side by side along the road. At last she could bear the suspense of it no longer. Her eyes cast down to Dicky's face. His cap was pushed back upon his head. His cheeks were scarlet. Christina wished the earth would open where she stood.

"Anne's a sneak," said Dicky presently.

Christina was swift to defend her.

"It was nothing to sneak about," said she. "I'm not angry. Anne wouldn't have told me if she'd thought it would make me that."

"Then what's the matter about it?" asked Dicky evasively. "They all know at the school."

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"All of them?"

"All the bigger chaps."

"Yes; but, Dicky, some of the boys are fifteen; you're only ten."

"Well, I bet I know as much as they do."

Again they walked in silence. Christina's mind was so confused by this, she knew not what to say.

"Would you tell me what you know, Dicky?" she asked at last, and in her voice there was the gentleness of all the mothers in the world.

With hesitating words then Dicky began his garbled tale, and as she heard it Christina hardly knew whether to laugh or cry. He knew nothing. It was a fairy tale he told her. And yet, behind it all, she knew that life in Dicky had begun the turning of its tide. Something had wakened in him, just as it had awakened in Anne; something that she would never be able to set at rest, not with all the Beethoven Sonatas in the world.

She might have taken her chance then. The sleeping man had been awakened in Dicky; she might have taken him firmly by the hand and shown him the road in which he should walk. But that garbled fairy tale of Dicky's had deceived her. Really he knew nothing, and in her joy at the thought of that she put her arms around his neck and hugged him to her.

"They didn't tell me right then," thought Dicky, "I don't know after all."

In all unconsciousness, Christina had brought the real turning point in the tide of Dicky's mind.

Chapter IX

Even before his next birthday Dicky had received the box of water-colours. These things will not wait. Openly at tea one day, he had said how ripping it would be to carry on the mill and, hearing this, Mr. Furlong was no longer afraid that Dicky would become an artist. Now, if Dicky knew what he meant by that statement, his father certainly did not. To a boy, the glory of manhood and its added glory of independence make matter almost for dreams. To Dicky, retaining in his imagination all the interests of his childhood, to carry on the mill implied the free pursuit of all his heart's desires. For the mill, he cared nothing. For what it brought, he cared all. When then he declared how splendid such a prospect would be, this, and no more than this, was what he meant.

With the free permission, therefore, to use his box of water-colours, he acquired a new interest in life. The banks of the Avon are beautiful in those parts. Many an artist comes there, and one half holiday that spring Dicky found a man seated down by the river, painting a picture of the mill, half hidden in the wealth of apple blossoms where the orchards stepped down the sloping banks to meet the water's edge.

For half an hour Dicky had stood behind him, deaf to Anne's endeavours to lead him away. Not even her ultimate departure could stir him. He still remained behind the artist's stool, watching with growing interest every movement of the brush, every mixing of the colour.

"Do you learn drawing at school?" asked the artist presently, without looking round.

"Freehand," said Dicky.

"Dry stuff, isn't it?" said the artist.

"Rotten," Dicky agreed. "But I've got a box of water-colours now." The artist went on painting. "Anne's going to give me a sketch book," Dicky continued presently, "then I'm going to paint things—pictures."

The artist washed his brush and stood his picture against the trunk of a tree, regarding it with half-closed eyes.

"Better pictures than this, I hope," said he.

"I hope so," said Dicky simply, meaning no criticism thereby, for he thought the picture wonderful.

The artist looked round at him quickly. Up to that moment he had not given Dicky a thought.

"Oh, you think you'll do better than this," he remarked, for that half closure of his eyes had brought him satisfaction with his work.

"I wish I could," replied Dicky; "I wish I could do a billionth part as well."

"But you think you will one day?"

"I want to," said he ingenuously. "I told mother I was going to paint a picture one day that 'ud make her cry."

"P'raps you will," said the artist, and

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was so pleased with his reply that he enlarged upon it—"quite a lot of people paint pictures like that. Young ladies do. I have a sketching class in the summer, and a lot of the girls who come round paint pictures that make me cry."

"They must be very good," said Dicky, whose firm belief in the highest power of art was to make somebody weep.

"That's how I mean to paint, anyhow," he added.

"You'll probably succeed," said the artist, and, packing up his things, he walked away, generously sorry to find conceit in so young a boy.

But Dicky hugged this to his heart. The artist had said that he would probably succeed. The very next day he persuaded Anne to turn out the contents of her money box, and a sketching book was purchased in Pershore. On the next half holiday he went out with his book and his box of paints alone.

In its first conception, all art is imitative. The young man breaks his heart and writes a poem. It is not so much to ease his pain as because some great men before him have laid their broken hearts upon a sheet of paper. His only qualification to be a poet then is that trend of mind in him which makes him seek to imitate the poets that have been. When Dicky sat down with his box of water-colours in the same place where he had talked to the artist, his only claim to art was that he chose to imitate it. The result had not one quality contained therein to commend it to the most far-seeing critic in the world. He knew that it was bad. He knew it meant nothing—nothing that he had seen and, in a fit of anger, tore it up. Had any critic seen those ragged pieces of paper lying scattered on the ground, he might have had hope of Dicky then; but Dicky had none of himself.

He was cross all that evening, and would not talk even to Christina.

"What is it, Dicky?" she begged of him as he was going to bed. But he was in the very first of those moods when the artist realises that God has made the world before him, and only by the greatest suffering can he hope to create one millionth part of it anew. In the mere submission to that mood, Dicky had made the first step upon his journey, that mad adventure which men will make as ever the ages go by, that wild pursuit of the unattainable which ever retreats as they advance until all power of following it be gone, and they fall by the wayside to watch the others in pursuit pass by.

"You must have eaten something, Dicky, to disagree with you," said Mr. Furlong, "what was it?"

In a vague knowledge that a definite answer would please his father better than doubt, with a touch of devilment beside, he said, "Some of Pilgrim's biscuits."

"Well, of course," exclaimed Mr. Furlong, "I should have thought at your age you'd have known better. You'd better go to bed and be thankful if you don't have nightmares."

And when Dicky had gone, Christina bent close over her work to smile. She wondered, nevertheless, what it could be.

Notwithstanding his disappointment, however, Dicky persevered, and to Wilfrid's disgust spent every spare moment until the summer holidays making pictures, the majority of which he destroyed before he ever brought them home. A few there were he kept, and these, locked away within a drawer, were shown only to Anne, who criticised them freely from a standpoint of her own.

When the holidays came, Dicky was sent away to stay with his uncle, Mr. Herbert Furlong, in Buckinghamshire. Anne went with him. Here was a farm, in the farmhouse of which the Furlongs lived. In the delight of the place Dicky forgot all his painting.

There is romance in a farm, as there is romance in everything. With a boat and a stream you can find all the romance of battles by sea, of far discoveries. With a wooden sword and a cardboard helmet you can experience all the stirring romance of war. The romance of the world's traffic can live out for you in a tin engine and a piece of string; and in a farm—let it be but just one acre and one cow—there is the whole romance of the world's providing. To find two eggs new laid in the early morning is as good as finding the whole supply of a great market. To milk six cows in a stall, to send off one can of milk, to bring

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in one load of corn, one cart of hay, to make one pound of butter or one jug of cream is as good—if you are young enough to know it—as feeding the whole world in its hunger.

Dicky and Anne were young enough to know all this. For the first two weeks of their visit they lived in a paardise of romance. Cumber Farm became the world in little, and Trafford Mill for the time was almost forgotten.

Yet it was here, in the joy of these surroundings that Dicky passed through the most painful, possibly the most potent influence in his life. There lived at Cumber Farm with them a sister of Mrs. Herbert Furlong. Bertha Geddes was a strange woman—tall, of dark countenance, a pale face in which the eyes set deeply.

Whenever in after years those weeks at Cumber came back to Dicky's mind, ransack his memory how he might, he could not recall anything of Bertha Geddes during that first fortnight while he and Anne were at the farm. For she was a silent woman, given to the reading of her Bible in the morning, taking long and lonely walks in the afternoon. They saw but little of her in those first few days at Cumber.

It was when their visit was drawing to its close that Dicky one day fell ill. He had been fishing for eels in the early morning, fishing for his breakfast—no breakfast can be so good. A hammock upon the bank on which he was standing gave away. Dicky found himself above waist in the water. These accidents will happen, but seemingly when they happen to children, there is a penalty attached. Dicky knew that it was a culpable offence, and accordingly said nothing. The clothes were half dry on him by the time he returned to breakfast; by taking a hasty seat at the table and concealing his wrinkled garments, he managed to evade detection. In two days he was in bed and the doctor spoke of congestion of the lungs.

"I don't think you need worry," said he, "there's nothing serious about it. Keep him to his bed, that's all."

Therefore, when Anne returned to Eckington, Christina had already received a letter to say that Dicky had caught a cold and would have to be kept in bed for a few days.

"You needn't worry," wrote Mrs. Furlong, "he's a very good patient. I'll send him back directly he's well."

Christina fretted at heart when she thought of Dicky in any one's hands but her own. She tried to persuade her husband to let her go to Cumber, but he quoted the letter from his sister-in-law.

"I think it would only be waste of money," said he, "he's being well looked after."

So Dicky remained behind at the farm, and Bertha Geddes undertook to nurse him. At some period of her life she had joined a hospital and spoke of remedies for such complaints as Dicky's, which even the doctor had not mentioned. In that silent figure then that moved about his room, Dicky at last became conscious of a personality which occupied his thoughts even to the exclusion of his mother.

After five days there came a letter from Mr. Furlong, inquiring of Dicky's health. When the answer was sent back reporting upon his rapid improvement, Bertha Geddes enclosed a letter to Mr. Furlong from herself.

"I am nursing Dicky," she wrote, "and want to tell you what a wonderful boy I think he is. God has assuredly marked him out for something great in this world. We read the Bible together every morning and I try in my poor way to instill the example of Christ into his mind. One of these days these quiet little mornings of ours will bear fruit. One never knows the seeds that fall on good ground. You can rest perfectly contented that he is safe and well in my hands."

Mr. Furlong handed the letter across the breakfast table to his wife.

"That type of woman," said he, "is very difficult to find nowadays. An influence like that will do Dicky a world of good."

Christina read the letter through and then in silence passed it back to her husband.

"We must ask her to stay here one of these days," said Mr. Furlong. And still Christina said nothing. But having got

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that idea into his head, Mr. Furlong embodied it in a short note to Dicky.

"When you come back," he wrote, "perhaps you would like to bring Miss Geddes with you."

But Dicky was not coming back just then. One night the servant negligently left open the window of his bedroom. The next morning he was in a high fever and the doctor was sent for once more.

Unless it's serious," said Mrs. Furlong to her husband, "we'd better not let Joseph know. They'll think we aren't taking proper care of him."

So they knew nothing of this at Trafford Mill. A little more care was all the doctor commanded, and Bertha Geddes was always by his bedside.

One night Bertha Geddes heard a stifled sobbing from Dicky's bed.

In a moment she was beside him.

"Dicky," she whispered, "why are you crying? What's the matter?"

"I don't know," he muttered, and with both his arms he clung to her wildly in a fresh passion of tears.

"Won't you tell me?" she begged again presently, "tell me what it is."

"I love you," whispered Dicky, "I love you better than anybody in the world."

"Better than your mother?" she murmured.

"Oh, better than any one in the world," he cried, but he could not bring himself to say in actual words that he loved her better than Christina. Yet it seemed a great and magnificent thing, this love that had come into his life.

It came at length to the day of his return. They were to go up to London together, and there Christina had persuaded her husband to let her meet them.

"You're going to come and stay, you know," said Dicky to Bertha Geddes. "Father said in his letter that I might ask you. I couldn't do without you now."

She smiled and patted his cheek, and together they went up to London to meet Christina. As the train steamed into Paddington station, Dicky leant out of the window with eyes dancing for the sight of his mother. It was the great longing in his heart then that these two should meet. He knew that the one must love the other. He loved them both. At last, among the crowd upon the platform, he saw Christina. His handkerchief was ready in his hand. He waved it wildly about his head and, at the instant of the train's stopping, had opened the door, descended from the carriage and was running along the platform to meet her. At some little distance behind him followed Bertha Geddes.

"Oh, mother!" he exclaimed, "I do want you to meet her so. She's been so good."

Now, what it was that stirred within Christina, not even Christina knew. Her eyes met the eyes of Bertha Geddes, and though jealousy was bitter in her heart, it was not jealousy that nerved her then. When once their eyes had met, she caught Dicky almost roughly by the hand, and, before he had had time to realise it, had led him away to a cab. The door had closed, they were driving out of the station before he realised what had been done.

The moment he understood, he made a rush for the window. With fingers of steel Christina held him back. But he had seen his last glimpse of Bertha Geddes as she stood alone upon the platform.

(*To be continued*)

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Riders of the Purple Sage. Grey. (Harper.) $1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN.

FICTION

1. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Carnival. MacKenzie. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Mystery of the Boule Cabinet. Stevenson. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30
6. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. China Under the Empress Dowager. Bland and Backhouse. (Lippincott.) $4.00.
3. Cesar Borgia. Sabatini. (Brentano.) $4.00.
4. Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $6.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Team Mates. Barbour. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Glenlock Girls Series. Remick. (Penn.) $1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Jennie Gerhardt. Dreiser. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Traveller's Tales. The Princess. (Putnam.) $2.00.
3. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
4. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.20.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Statemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

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3. Told by Uncle Remus. Harris. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.20.
6. Pleasures and Palaces. Tompkins. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. Amateur Gardencraft. Rexford. (Lippincott.) $1.75.
3. The Life and Times of Cavour. Thayer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $7.50.
4. Socialism. Spargo. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Boys' Life of Edison. Meadowcraft. (Harper.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
5. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
6. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Why Should We Change Our Form of Government? Butler. (Scribner.) 75 cents.
4. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
3. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Molly MacDonald. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.35.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Increasing Human Efficiency. Scott. (Macmillian.) $1.25.
3. Physiology of Faith and Fear. Sadler. (McClurg.) $1.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Young Alaskans on the Trail. Hough. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. The Boy Scouts of Birchbark Island. Holland. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Cliff Sterling, Stroke of the Crew. Patten. (McKay.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. The Maid of the Whispering Hills. Roe. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
4. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. When Tragedy Grins. White. (Watt.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

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5. Prince and Betty. Wodehouse. (Watt.) $1.25.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.
3. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.
4. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Patty Series. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. First Jungle Book. Kipling. (Century Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. One of Us. Brudno. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
6. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. He Comes up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Stokes.) $2.50.
2. Quatrains of Christ. Creel. (Elder.) 50 cents.
3. Man's Birthright. Brown. (FitzGerald.) $1.50.
4. Idas and Marpessa. Sutherland. (FitzGerald.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. Rolfe in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Flower of the North. Curwood. (Harper.) $1.30.
2. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Greyfriars Bobby. Atkinson. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Ground. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
2. Woman's Part in Government. Allen. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
4. George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works. Henderson. (Stewart & Kidd.) $5.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Peeps in Many Lands Series. (Macmillan.) 55 cents.
3. The Forest Castaways. Bartlett. (Century Co.) $1.50.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

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NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Doctor's Dilemna. Shaw. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Rover Boys on a Farm. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
2. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Patty's Motor Car. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A B C of Taxation. Shearman. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Love and Marriage. Keys. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. Progress and Poverty. George. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Boy Scouts of America. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Position of Peggy. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.
5. The Joyous Wayfarer. Jordan. (Putnam.) $1.30.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
2. Irish Folk History Plays. Lady Gregory. (Putnam.) $3.00.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. The Morality of Women. Key. (Seymour.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. The Last Try. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Broad Highway. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Julia France and Her Times. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
6. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
2. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
4. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Changing Chinese. Ross. (Century Co.) $2.40.
3. The Everlasting Mercy. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
4. New Gardens of Canada. Talbot. (Cassell.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rolfe in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
2. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Further Adventures of Nils. Lagerlof. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.

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MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

Fiction

1. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
6. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35

Non-Fiction

1. The Cable Game. Washburn. (Sherman, French.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
4. A Garden of Paris. Wallace. (McClurg.) $1.25.

Juveniles

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

Fiction

1. The Postmaster. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.30.
2. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Recording Angel. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
6. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, (Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Jonathan Papers. Woodbridge. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Shrub and Vine. Kirkegaard. (Bullard.) $2.50.
4. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

Juveniles

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Fiction

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Iron Woman. Deland. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

Non-Fiction

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Mansion. Van Dyke. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) $1.00.
4. Life of Cardinal Gibbons. Will. (Murphy.) $2.00.

Juveniles

1. The Sea Faries. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.25.
2. The Glittering Festival. Harrison. (McClurg.) $1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

Fiction

1. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton. $1.35.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Five Thousand an Hour. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. Her Weight in Gold. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
6. The Brentons. Ray. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. The Road to Joy. Willcox. (Harper.) 50 cents.
2. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 75 cents.
3. Bridge Abridged. Shelby. (Duffield.) $1.00.
4. Lee the American. Bradford. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.50.

Juveniles

1. Travelers Five. Johnston. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Boys' Book of Warships. Howden. (Stokes.) $2.00.
3. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

OMAHA, NEB.

Fiction

1. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Captain Martha Mary. Abbott. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

Non-Fiction

No report.

Juveniles

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Aunt Jane's Nieces. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 60 cents.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Fiction

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
6. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

Non-Fiction

1. Child of the Dawn. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.

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JUVENILES

1. Banner Boy Scouts. Warren. (Cupples & Leon.) $1.00.
2. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Joseph in Jeopardy. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. Peter and Jane. MacNaughton. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Spanish Gold. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.
6. Manalive. Chesterton. (Lane.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. George the Third and Charles Fox. Trevelyan. (Longmans, Green.) $2.00.
2. The Panama Canal. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman. Ward. (Longmans, Green.) $9.00.
4. Intimacies of Court and Society. Anon. (Dodd, Mead.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. The Mountain Girl. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
3. Christopher. Pryce. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Age Deferred. Lorand. (Davis.) $2.75.
2. Human Efficiency. Dresser. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Why I am a Socialist. Russell. (Doran.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
3. He Comes up Smiling. Sherman. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
4. The Brute. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Wilson Bungalow. Wilson. (Wilson.) $1.00.
2. The Garden Primer. Taber. (McBride, Nast.) $1.00.
3. Home Vegetable Gardening. Rockwell. (McBride, Nast.) $1.00.
4. A Tenderfoot with Peary. Borup. (Stokes.) $2.10.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales Decides. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.
2. Rolfe in the Woods. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.75.
3. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.
4. The Counsel for the Defense. Scott. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.20.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
2. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. The Reason Why. Glyn. (Appleton.) $1.30.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. Miss Minerva and Wm. Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.00.
6. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
4. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
5. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. From the Car Behind. Ingram. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Other Sheep. Begbie. (Doran.) $1.25.
4. The Counsel Assigned. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Clif Sterling, Stroke of the Crew. Patten. (McKay.) $1.25.
3. The Motor Boys on the Wing. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.

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2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Old Nest. Hughes. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. In Desert and Wilderness. Sienkiewicz. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Plays. Strindberg. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Living Corpse. Tolstoy. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.20.
4. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Heart of Life. De Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.25.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. To M. L. G. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys Series. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.
3. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Hero and the Man. Morton. (McClurg.) $1.35.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
4. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.35.
6. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Democracy. Weyl. (Macmillan.) $2.00.
2. The Pigeon. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothorp, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. For Yardley. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Classroom and Campus. Eldred. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
3. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
4. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
5. The Burgomaster. Angelotti. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Modern English Books of Power. Fitch. (Elder.) $1.50.
2. In the Footprints of the Padres. Stoddard. (Robertson.) $2.00.
3. Do They Really Respect Us? Graham. (Robertson.) $1.50.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) $3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women Series. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn.) $1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Mother. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.00.
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
4. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. The Way of an Eagle. Dell. (Putnam.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) $2.50.
2. Four Months Afoot in Spain. Francke. (Century Co.) $2.00.
3. The Wilderness of Upper Yukon. Sheldon. (Scribner.) $3.00.
4. The Western Gate. Ross. (Dodd, Mead.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
3. The Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
2. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
3. Queed. Harrison. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.35.
4. Five Thousand an Hour. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
6. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

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NON-FICTION

1. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. Barse & Hopkins.) $1.50.
2. The Adventure of Life. Grenfell. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
3. American Government. Haskin. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. How to Speak in Public. Kleiser. (Funk & Wagnalls.) $1.40.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton) $1.35.
3. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
5. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.
6. John Rawn. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Tante. Sedgwick. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Briggs.) $1.50.
3. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Langton.) $1.50.
4. The Following of the Star. Barclay. (Briggs.) $1.35.
5. John Rawn. Hough. (McLeod.) $1.25.
6. The Winning of Barbara Worth. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.00.
2. Songs of a Prairie. Stead. (Briggs.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
2. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
3. Japonette. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Squirrel Cage. Canfield. (Holt.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. Brann. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
2. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
3. The Sins of the Father. Dixon. (Appleton.) $1.35.
4. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
5. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Stover at Yale. Johnson. (Stokes.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Tennyson and His Friends. (Macmillan.) $3.00.
2. Seven Great Statesmen. White. (Century Co.) $2.50.
3. Secrets of Strength. Ingram. (Young Churchman.) $1.00.
4. Self Measurement. Hyde. (Huebsch.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Flower Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00.
2. The Boy Scout Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. Famous Scouts. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Polly of the Hospital Staff. Dowd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
4. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam.) $1.35.
5. The Bandbox. Vance. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Adjustment. Bryant. (Duffield.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. How to Live on Twenty-four Hours a Day. Bennett. (Doran.) 50 cents.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. Through the Mill. Priddy. (Pilgrim Press.) $1.35.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Rover Boys Series. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list				receives	10
" " "	2d	" "	"	"	"		8
" " "	3d	" "	"	"	"		7
" " "	4th	" "	"	"	"		6
" " "	5th	" "	"	"	"		5
" " "	6th	" "	"	"	"		4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Fran. Ellis. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25	210
2. A Hoosier Chronicle. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40	178
3. Through the Postern Gate. Barclay. (Putnam) $1.35	119
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35	114
5. The Man in Lonely Land. Bosher. (Harper.) $1.00	112
6. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.	100

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